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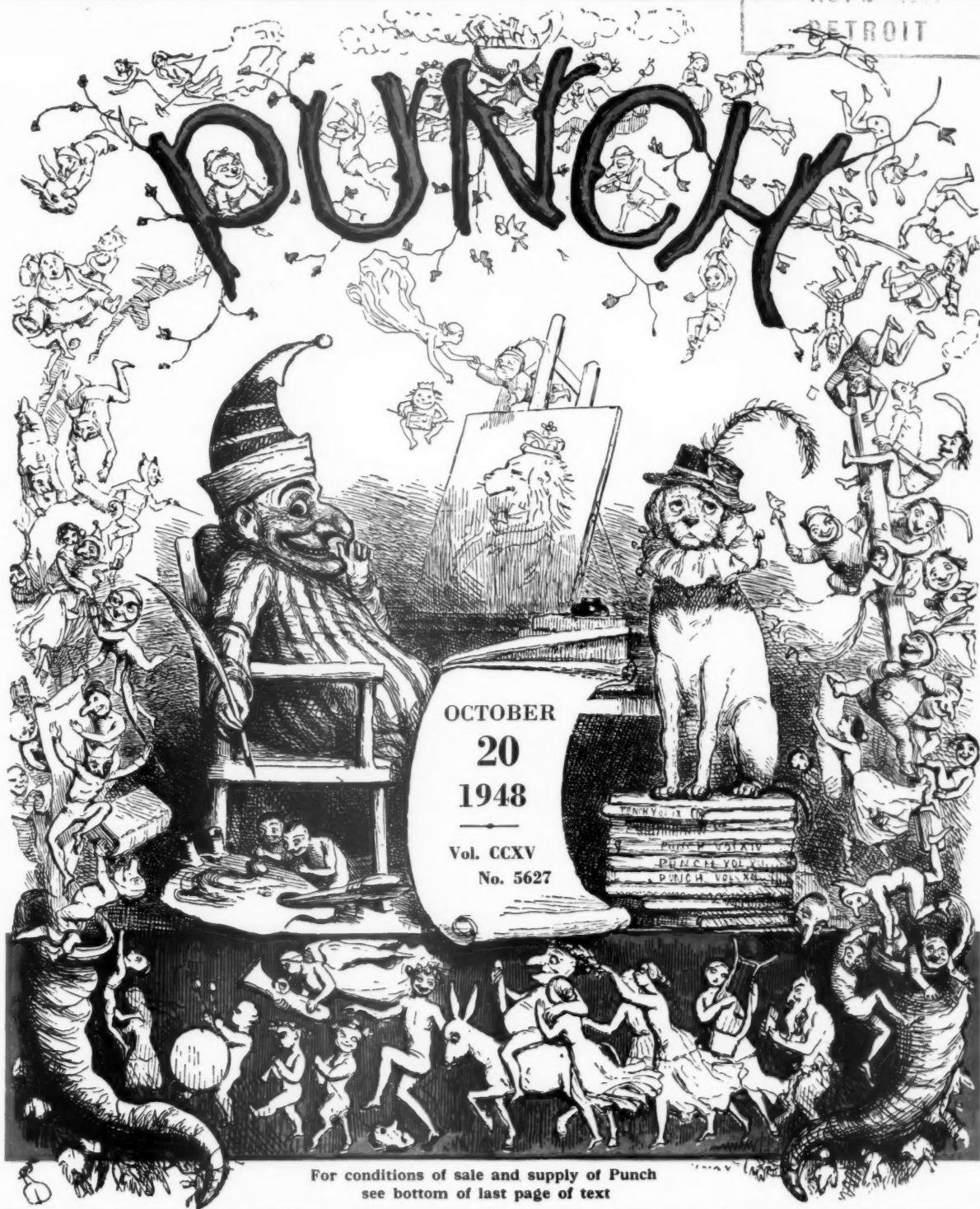
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Punch, October 20 1948



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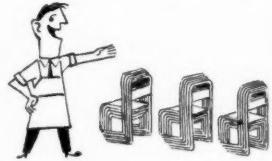
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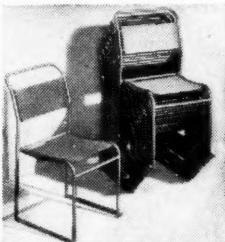


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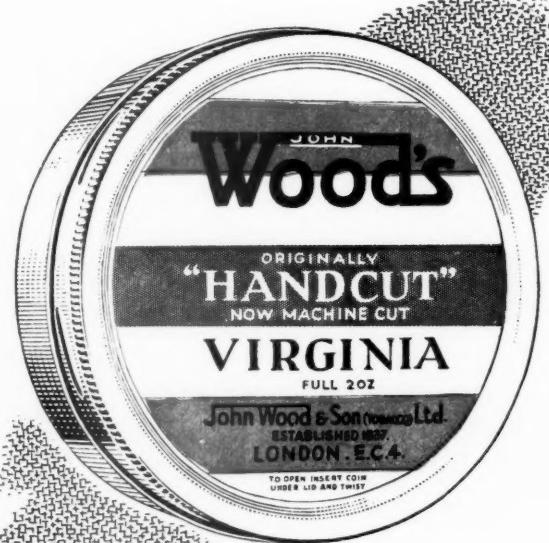
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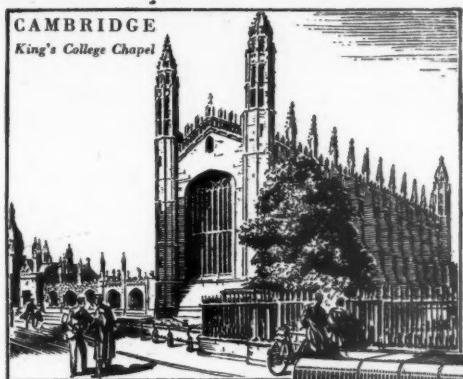


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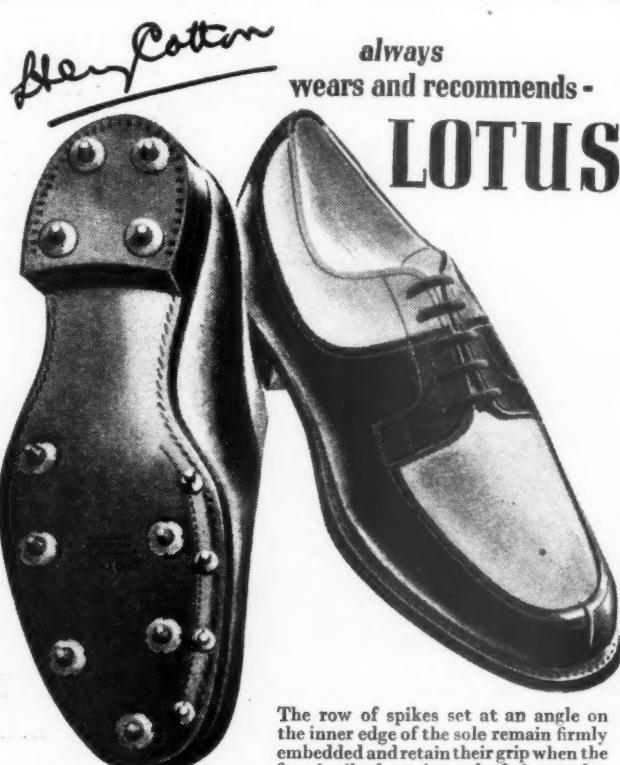
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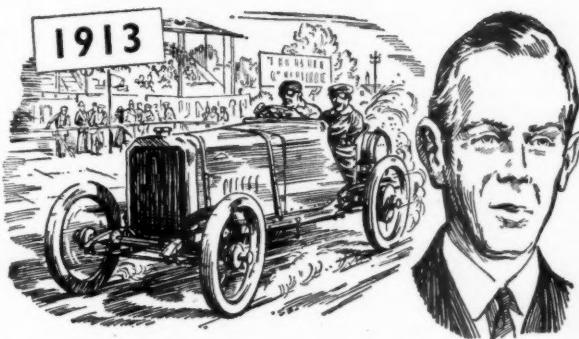
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BY K.L.G.



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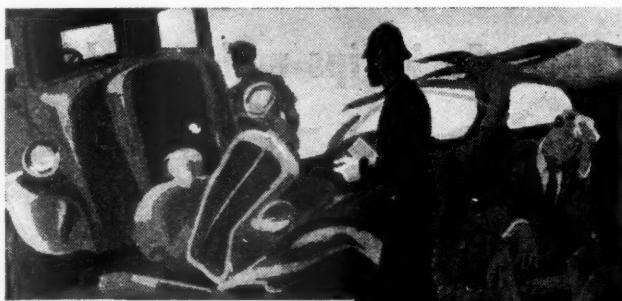
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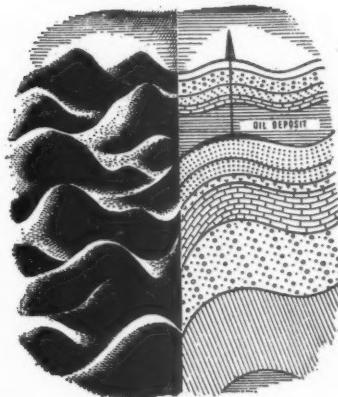
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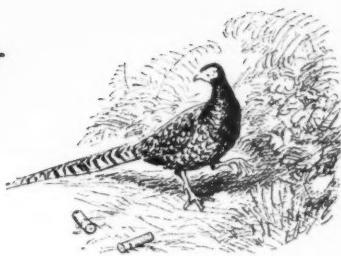
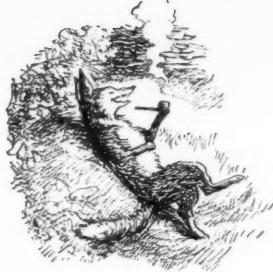
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PUNCY



Or
The London Charivari

Vol. CCXV No. 5627

October 20 1948

Charivaria

THE hooting of owls near Epping is said to be keeping people awake at night. This, of course, enables them to listen to the hooting of owls at night.

A correspondent suggests that Mr. Shinwell may become known as the Government's best after-speech din-maker.

Birmingham is to have a monument six inches higher than the Nelson column, but it is believed that statues generally would deplore anything in the nature of a monuments race.

An ominous sign of the times is that according to recent meteorological reports the weather is showing a disturbing tendency to return to the Straits of Dover.



"HEAVY Garden Roller, £2/10, Fawn Pram 35/-."—Advt. in "Derby Evening Telegraph."

Father giving up?

Householders have shown polite interest in Mr. Gaitskell's recent announcement that they would soon get better coal. They would be more grateful if he'd tell them how to reconstitute the powdered kind.



A Chicago gangster, arrested on information received, admitted that a female accomplice always carried his revolver. Apparently somebody had let the cat out of her bag.

A National Savings survey reports that 86 per cent. of us have "Nest Eggs." The rest write posters.

EXHIBITION OF CHURCH TREASURERS.

For the first time in the history of the Diocese the chief treasurers of our Churches are to be assembled for exhibition in Portsmouth. No lover of beautiful things should miss this."

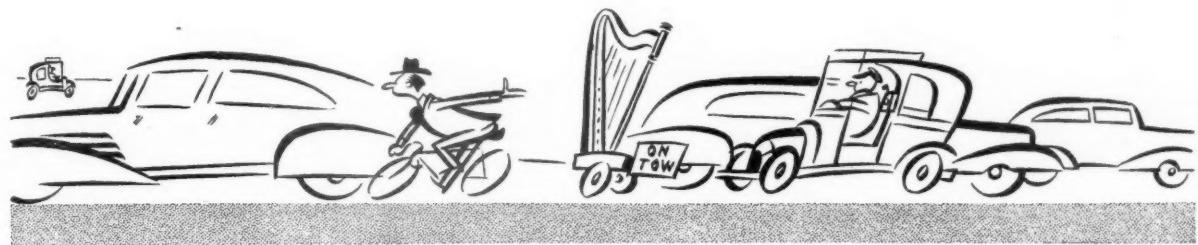
I.o.W. Parish Magazine.

Next week : Some Lovely Vergers.

Japanese attempts to make whisky, brandy, and sake out of onions are causing a certain confusion among eau de vie manufacturers.

The fact that the Russians are now importing sheep from this country seems to indicate that they are anxious in the near future to pull our own wool over our eyes.

A musician recalls that after a cycling accident he played his harp as usual in the orchestra and it was not until the performance ended that he knew he had broken a rib. Then, of course, he had it re-strung.



"RUSSIA MUST HAVE THE BATHYSCAPHE"

ASTONISHING SPEECH BY VYSHINSKY

NEW INDICTMENT OF THE WESTERN POWERS

AN amazing speech was made yesterday at the Two Hundred and Eighty-ninth Conference of the Four Powers assembled at Czckw (formerly known as Wezkes).

Addressing the Conference with the sound and weight of a sledge-hammer and the rapidity of a whirlwind, Mr. Vyshinsky denounced what he was pleased to call "the ultramarine activities of the reactionary peoples of the globe."

For what reason, he asked, is Belgium, under the aggressive leadership of M. Piccard and under the auspices of Great Britain and America, equipping the capitalist nations with the only known antidote to the atom bomb, namely an immediate migration to the bottom of the sea?

The mere use of atomic energy, as had frequently been pointed out, might easily recoil on the heads of the users, and was not nearly so important as the means of escape from it.

The U.S.S.R. desired nothing so much as a peaceful solution of ideological problems, but in the event of war it was fairly obvious that the glorious Red armies would immediately invade the territories of the West and seize their principal cities.

Moscow might be blown to pieces by the atom bomb, but so would Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rome and Madrid, since these would at the same time have been occupied by the liberating troops of the new democracies from the East. It was for this eventuality, he declared, that the warmonger Piccard, relying on the so-called rocket- and aircraft-carriers of the U.S.A., was plotting; these so-called carriers were to be stock-piled with hundreds of thousands of bathyscaphes to enable the peoples of the capitalist countries to submerge immediately before the period of bombardment and subsequently bob up again.*

The warmonger Piccard had previously investigated the stratosphere and found it unsuitable as a permanent refuge for plutocracy; he now intended therefore to take it to the floor of the ocean, where it could continue its evil machinations against the Soviet Powers. He had it on the best authority that the warmonger Piccard had already equipped a special bathyscaphe for the warmonger Churchill and the other war lords of the West, replete with every luxury that capitalism could devise.

There were only two possible remedies for this monstrous threat to the peace-loving nations of Eastern Europe. One was the liberation of the secret of the bathyscaphe to Russia. The other was a complete ban on the use of the bathyscaphe by any of the nations of the world. The Piccard bathyscaphe in short was the only bathyscaphe from the evils of universal annihilation.†

When the tornado had subsided the delegate for the United Kingdom inquired whether Mr. Vyshinsky would be willing to substitute for his proposal a permanent committee of inspection under the United Nations to examine daily all waters in every country capable of harbouring a

hidden bathyscaphe; otherwise how was it possible for the Western Powers to feel assured that the fourteen men of the Kremlin did not possess a private bathyscaphe even more luxurious than any invented by M. Piccard, and amply provisioned to meet a long period of atom warfare with stocks of vodka and caviare?

Mr. Vyshinsky, in an even greater access of fury, replied that the daily inspection of all Russian waters by a corps of international divers would be regarded as an intolerable humiliation by the U.S.S.R. Whether Russia actually possessed any of these remarkable machines he was not entitled to say; but if she did she was prepared to put all her bathyscaphes on the table at any moment if the Western Powers were willing to do the same.

The French representative at this point stated that according to his present information the floor of the ocean was covered with a thick layer of black ooze on which blind shrimps walked with stilt-like legs. How then, he inquired, did M. Vyshinsky suppose that troops in bathyscaphes (*les armées bathyscaphologiques*) could support themselves for an indefinite period of atomic war, however well-rationed they might be at the beginning?

To this Mr. Vyshinsky was understood to reply that for all he cared they could eat snoek.

M. Schuman rejoined hotly that no tribulations caused by atomic warfare could induce his fellow-countrymen to submit to so revolting a cuisine. If it were feasible to capture the sole, the mussel or the langoustine from the interior of the bathyscaphe, he thought there might be some substance for M. Vyshinsky's complaints. As it was, he felt that the whole dispute should be referred to the Security Council of the United Nations, which, he felt certain, would be willing to descend in a bathyscaphe under M. Piccard's captaincy and investigate the details of the problem at deep-sea level.

Mr. Vyshinsky replied that he could only agree to such a proposal if the descent were made in the Arctic Ocean at a spot determined by the presidium of the U.S.S.R., and free from the ideological influences of the Western Powers.

The delegate for the U.S.A. concluded the debate by remarking that neither he nor his Government considered a lengthy residence in a bathyscaphe to be consistent with the American Way of Life—that his country did not intend to use the bathyscaphe as an instrument of warfare—and that in his opinion Mr. Vyshinsky was merely making a nuisance of himself, as usual.

Mr. Vyshinsky then gathered up his papers with a low growl and left the conference room, slamming the door.

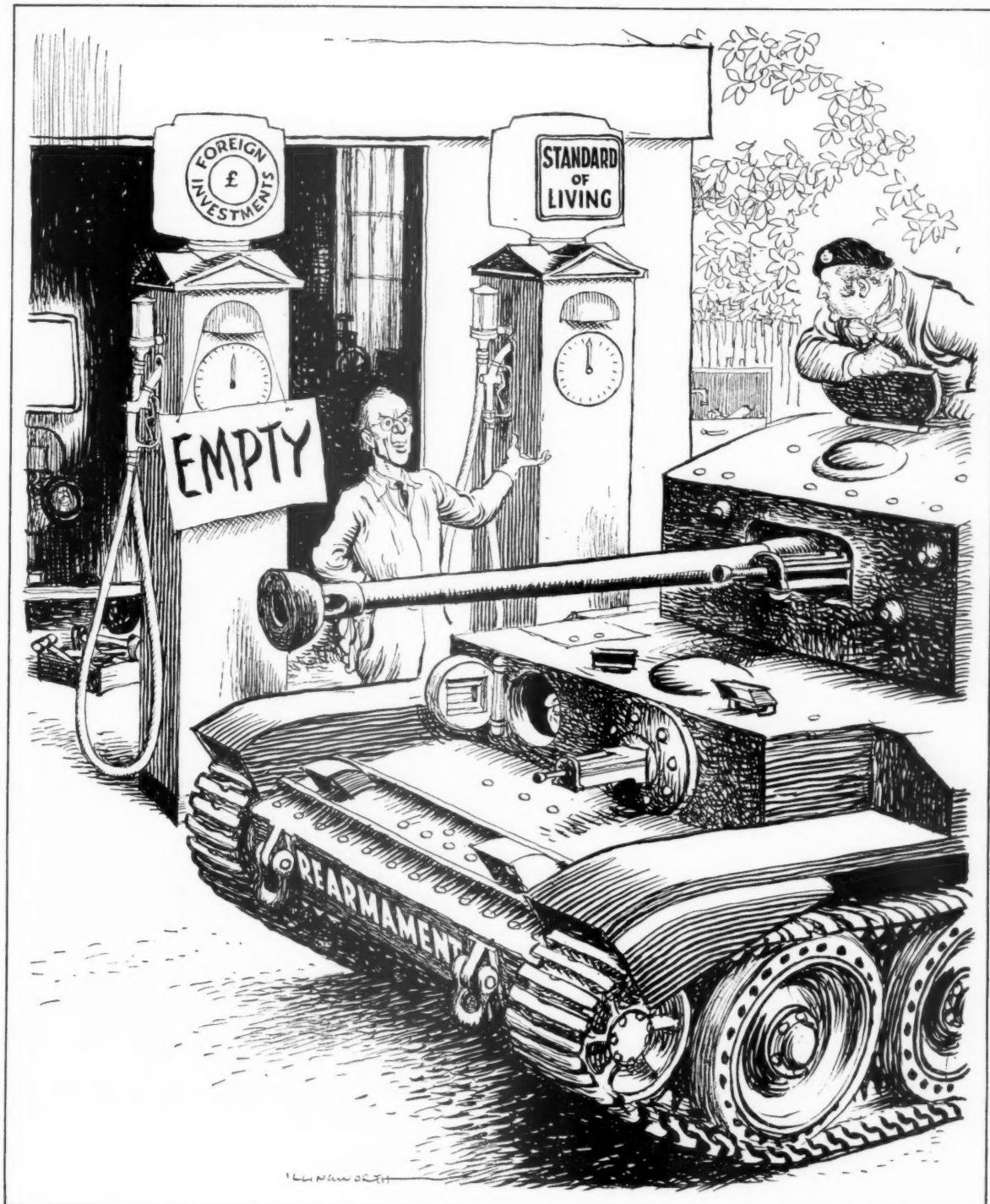
EVOE.

• •

Epitaph on an Ambitious Man

No heaven too high, no fairyland too far,
He ranged unfettered till—ah! fatal knot!—
He hitched his wagon to a shooting star
Just as it shot.

**Novgorod bobolinski*. The phrase is very nearly untranslatable.
† Possibly a Russian pun.



NO ALTERNATIVE

"Very well: if I must I'll have it."

What's Toast for the Goose . . .

WHAT is true of making toast is true of making anything, from tractors to textiles—

I am aware that this may be denied. The captious, undeterred—perhaps even encouraged—by the fact that the statement is made, printed and issued by His Majesty's Government, will point with relish to certain obvious dissimilarities in the process of manufacture of these commodities. Tractors, it will be urged, do not turn black and emit smoke if the charge-hand's attention is distracted for a moment by an escape of milk; textiles do not have their crusts cut off before delivery to the consumer; and so on. It would be possible to multiply such instances indefinitely. But the saner and more fair-minded among us will prefer to allow His Majesty's Government to complete its sentence before we venture to criticize.

—there's a way to make them as good, but more quickly, and therefore more cheaply, without working harder or longer.

The second part of the sentence qualifies, and sharply limits, the meaning of the first, as so often in the English language. Here is a warning, if any be needed, of the danger of extracting from its context any utterance, however apparently self-contained and whatever its source. Consider Wordsworth's

*I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract*

and then, when the fancy has been permitted to play awhile upon the bard's odd experience, uncover the following lines and read

*Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell.*

You feel the change of emphasis? The picture of some youthful Bunyan intent upon the *Practice of Piety* dissolves and fades, and in its place we see an inquisitive urchin clapping a whelk's conch to his reddening ear.

The reader may care to pick out for himself further instances from the corpus of English literature.

Even now we have not done full justice to His Majesty's Government. In the Report to the Nation from which I am quoting they are concerned to show how, by the exercise of a little forethought, the time taken by a typical family to toast three pieces of bread may be cut by as much as a quarter. The principle, once grasped, is simplicity itself. The normal slap-dash toaster puts two pieces of bread into the tray under the grill, turns them over when brown (or a little later), replaces them by the third piece, turns that over and finally removes it—four stages, or toasting-periods, in all. Why not, the Government asks, put your two

pieces in, turn only one of them over, substituting the third piece for the half-finished second piece, then take out the finished first piece, put the second piece back (with the untoasted side upwards of course) at the same time turning the third piece over, and in a few more moments there you are, if you have taken my drift, with the three pieces done in three stages only. The instructions are accompanied by some excellent diagrams, in which the slices are marked respectively A, B and C for clarity: though in practice of course the housewife will soon find she can dispense with such alphabetical aids.

The new system has been tried out by the present writer, and it works. One may object that under the old system it was possible to burn two pieces of bread simultaneously at only two of the four stages required, whereas the double risk now obtains at all three stages; and of course families accustomed to four rounds of toast are debarred from participation in the new benefits (the sequence of change and turn-over required for five rounds is too complicated for discussion here). But these are minor, even niggling, criticisms. On a fair view, this is the best thing the Government has done.

It remains to ask what the Opposition has to offer the country as an alternative to such clear-cut statements of social or domestic policy. Industrial and Agricultural Charters may be all very well for those who have time to read them, but something more is needed, something that strikes a little more closely home to the ordinary floating voter at his breakfast table or sink. The Conservative Central Office must bestir itself. Lord Woolton cannot rest for ever upon his pie. There must be a flow of new ideas, new hints on washing up, fresh wrinkles on the ironing-board, if the people are to have confidence in the ability of a renascent Conservatism to guide, direct and sustain them through the difficult years that lie ahead. Above all the ideas must be original, constructive, Conservative in the best sense of the word. There must be no dishing-up of watered-down versions of the Government's own published recipes for a strong, well-fed, fuel-saving Britain. "Tory Ways With Toast" will cut no ice if it opens with an attack on the Government's Three-Stage Plan and contents itself, on the positive side, with the bald assertion that under free enterprise the bread will be whiter and therefore take longer to brown. No, what is wanted is a bold, far-reaching plan to kindle the imagination of the voter, what Mr. Churchill himself might properly call a Grand Design—of an entirely new tray, for example, capable of holding three slices of bread at once.

That would be something to go to the country with.

H. F. E.

The Changeling

WHILE I, an infant, in my cradle lay,
Admiring of my toes and of the light of day,
A fairy came to me from the pane beyond,
Waving her arms, likewise a magic wand.

"What ho!" said she, "crabbed child; I have a notion
To bear you off across the mystic ocean;
I shall replace you, as a fairy's token,
With an Italian baby from Hoboken."

"But there would come," I said, "from these strange
labours
Much torment for my parents and their neighbours,

My aunts, my uncles and my brother Freddy.
Besides, I've been exchanged three times already.
I'm tired of being switched about, I am;
I wish you'd leave me quietly in my pram."

"What!" she replied, "have they been here
before?"

Have I misread the number on the door?"

"You have," I said. So the good soul departed

And left me much the same as when I started.

I watched the ceiling, and I watched the flies,

I sucked my thumb and looked extremely wise.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

HOW sad it is to find that one's little ones are not moved by the literature which was the real cat's whiskers in one's own youth. I used to read *Black Beauty*, for example, with what I now think must have been avidity, yet Junissimus will have none of it, dissolving new copies in nitric acid as soon as bought. Well, sad as it is, we pen-pushers must move with the times, and I am therefore devoting this Belle-Lettre to a synopsis of a more sophisticated volume entitled *Black Beauty's Grand-daughter*, designed to be read after Lights-out at Roedean and passed from hand to hand in the covers of an arithmetic book. I am also including in what might be thought the appropriate places extracts from the book. Considerations of space (dollars, Marshall Aid, wood-pulp—you know this bit) prevent me from printing in full. The loss, Sir and Sweeting, is yours.

SYNOPSIS THE FIRST.

*Binding—Title-page—Dedication—Libel conductor—Preface
—Bit of poetry—Large capital initial in black.*

EXTRACT.

A GIRL must look after herself these days if she hopes to get anyone to look after her. *Ma foi que oui!* It wasn't long after I was born that I made up my mind that being weather-beaten in a rough grass meadow was no life for a filly with ambitions. The other girls were a dowdy lot, with no thoughts above carrying some village frump to a

third-rate Meet, and one or two even went all noble and wanted to help grow their own feed: I felt I never wanted to hear the word "loam" again. When I used to blow off steam mother would tell me stories of dear old granddad and what an influence he was for good. *Fort ennuyant, parbleu.* Me, I belonged to the younger generation and what I was after was bright lights, smart company and all the glitter of modern life.

SYNOPSIS THE SECOND.

By winning behaviour the heroine persuades a smart big-wig to choose her when visiting the field to buy a horse—At Kimberley Towers she leads a high-toned life—Her personal groom, Will Slice, once sprucer to the Household Cavalry—Two misprints.

EXTRACT.

The other horses all had excellent pedigrees and were as different from my late companions as French chalk from chalk, but it wasn't long before I realized that mine was only the second-best stable; the best was occupied by a stuck-up creature called Nuit d'Extase, who was the only horse I have known who wore ear-rings. Of course, I made friends with her at once. One day we went to a Meet, a really *distingué* affair with all the largest and most expensive motor-cars. When the pack was ready to move off I and the other leading mounts were handed over to grooms, while those of our riders who did not prefer to



THE SOUFFLÉ



drive clambered on to coarse, athletic horses who prided themselves on being able to leap over things. Finding myself next to my rival, I said cunningly to her, "What a pity we must leave this chic place; but our owner has been appointed a Colonial Governor and we are to go with him on the night train. How I dread the thought of Meets in the jungle; we might even be expected to play polo." I easily led my shuddering victim to believe that the only way of avoiding exile was to incapacitate our owner so that another man would have to go in his place, and at the first opportunity she tried to bite him in the leg and then threw him in a pond. Of course the result was just what I had hoped. *Nuit d'Extase* was banished to lawn-mowers and I was promoted to her place. *Vive la diplomatie!*

SYNOPSIS THE THIRD.

Picture of several horses looking at something round the corner—The heroine finds life at Kimberley Towers provincial—She ingratiate herself with the daughter of the

family, Little Lady Popsy, who refuses to be parted from her on going up to Town for the Season—First, second and third sights of the Park—The rich, exclusive and well-tailored Duchess of Braxminster, Queen of Rotten Row—The heroine decides to hitch her wagon to this star—Two bits in French.

EXTRACT.

My plan, like all the best generalship, was very simple; it was based on the fact that there is a good deal of a horse which the rider cannot see. As Her Grace passed us one morning, I gave her mount a bite in the hindquarters that made it bolt, and then saved her by gripping the reins with my teeth and gradually edging her into the rails. Little Lady Popsy, though generally a snob, was scared stiff and belaboured me vigorously; you may be sure I took the opportunity of looking ill-used! The Duchess insisted on buying her preserver: the following Monday saw me proudly carrying her along the Row, and weren't all the other horses just green with envy.

My new stable was embellished in most places with the ducal arms, the harness had been used at a coronation, by whom I am not quite sure, and the curry-comb was of purest tortoiseshell. The head groom mixed the bran-mash with his own hands at my manger. Frequently my owner sent the Duke during the night to see that I had everything I wanted. I was painted in the shiniest oils by a Painter of Title. Yes, girls, I was the tops; but it was not long before I was thinking about the next step. Remember, a girl's career, like a rocket, is no good unless it goes up!

SYNOPSIS THE FOURTH.

Map of distribution of pasture land in Midlands—The heroine considers and discards the idea of winning the Derby (too strenuous), entering the Royal stud (too much etiquette), and attracting the attention of an Eastern Potentate (too much danger of having to share kudos with elephants)—One day in the Park she is noticed by the Animal Casting Director of the largest film company in the world. He snaps her up, brushing aside the Duchess's protests with a large cheque. She leaves for Hollywood—Three pages wrongly numbered—Chapter heading from Shakespeare.

EXTRACT.

Champagne, sunshine, the adulation of millions, a twenty-two-carat bit, how can I describe to my readers the sweets of success—all due, I must add, to concentrating on the main chance; luck comes to those who earn it. My first film, a screen biography of granddad, was celebrated by a party that lasted three days, a "sozzle de luxe," as one guest called it. Now, after my triumphs in *Bucephalus* and *Richard III*, in which Gregory Peck renounced his kingdom for me, I am resting before we begin shooting *Rosinante*, a comedy with a Spanish setting. As I look back over my long upward climb I cannot but . . .

SYNOPSIS THE LAST.

The heroine gives many useful maxims and much worldly-wise advice to her readers. She also reflects on the crushing burden of taxation—Her love-life—Her investments—She remarks that the field of her memories is by no means gleaned clean—Advertisements of red-hot works by other authors. End of book.

Dramatic Critic Smothers Yawn.

"As a conscientious family solicitor, Mr. Hare is the same harassed little man who has delighted us too often in the past." *Yorkshire paper.*

More Relations

BEFORE I say anything about the relations between intellectuals and ordinary people I had better try to define these two categories. First let us admit that of the two the intellectuals are much the easier to classify; the ordinary category includes many human phenomena, from those who can move their ears to those who claim no special gifts but just seem to know more than others. But I think I am right in saying that one of those cross-section polls, in this case the simple question "Are you an intellectual?" with a space below for explaining what may be a brave decision, would put us all where we belong, with a record absence of those holding no opinion.

My readers may be expecting me to say that intellectuals have long hair, sit moodily about on cushion-heaped divans and so on, but the difficulties about defining these people by how they seem to others is that all you get is an unsympathetic picture of a bohemian. I think we may say, though, that intellectuals rather tend to ask one another to dinner, to eat complex food and to be revealed at a glance by their book-shelves, which are packed with the sort of book ordinary people would never have thought of actually putting the money down for. It is even more difficult to summarize the non-intellectual; we shall probably get nearest in the fewest words if we imagine one waking up in the morning and working out all the things to be done that day. Now we can go on to the relations, and how we shall get nearest here is for my readers to imagine themselves going out to dinner alone with a lot of intellectuals. (It will be noted that I put all my readers in the same category, partly from intuition and partly because it halves the work.) Normal people, seated at a table surrounded by cultivated brilliance and eating their roll too fast, tend to become even simpler than they are; to hark back wistfully to the homes they have left, the Wellingtons perpetually falling over sideways in the hall and the ornamental jug with three halfpennies at the bottom; and to find that it gives them no confidence whatever, because all they look like to the others is someone not very clever trying to keep up, which is just what they are. The fact that they go home temporarily intellectualized, psychologists tell us, illustrates something or other very strikingly. Let my readers now visualize the converse—some famed highbrow sitting at a table-cloth they will recognize as theirs, clean on to-day but not likely to last beyond to-morrow's breakfast—and they will see that when average people face intellectual achievement there will be a bit of showing-off, and some quiet establishing of relative mental levels down the side-line.

I DON'T suppose there is one of my readers who has not come up against that nub of life which consists of the different relations different people impose on us; I mean the way they can make each of us seem anything they like, so that in a day made up of contact with half a dozen friends or strangers (though friends are better at it than strangers) my readers will have at various times appeared scatty, quietly worth while, meticulously dressed, the sort who doesn't bother about clothes, brilliant, stupid, dark, fair and possibly a little thicker or thinner than usual. That the person we are talking to is obviously the same as always is typical of the situation. Psychologists have nothing very helpful to say, but mention that they have known whole voices to go up higher or down lower than normal, whole rows of knitting to be dropped, whole tea-tables to be laid without the jam, sugar and little

knives on occasions where such actions fit the assumed character.

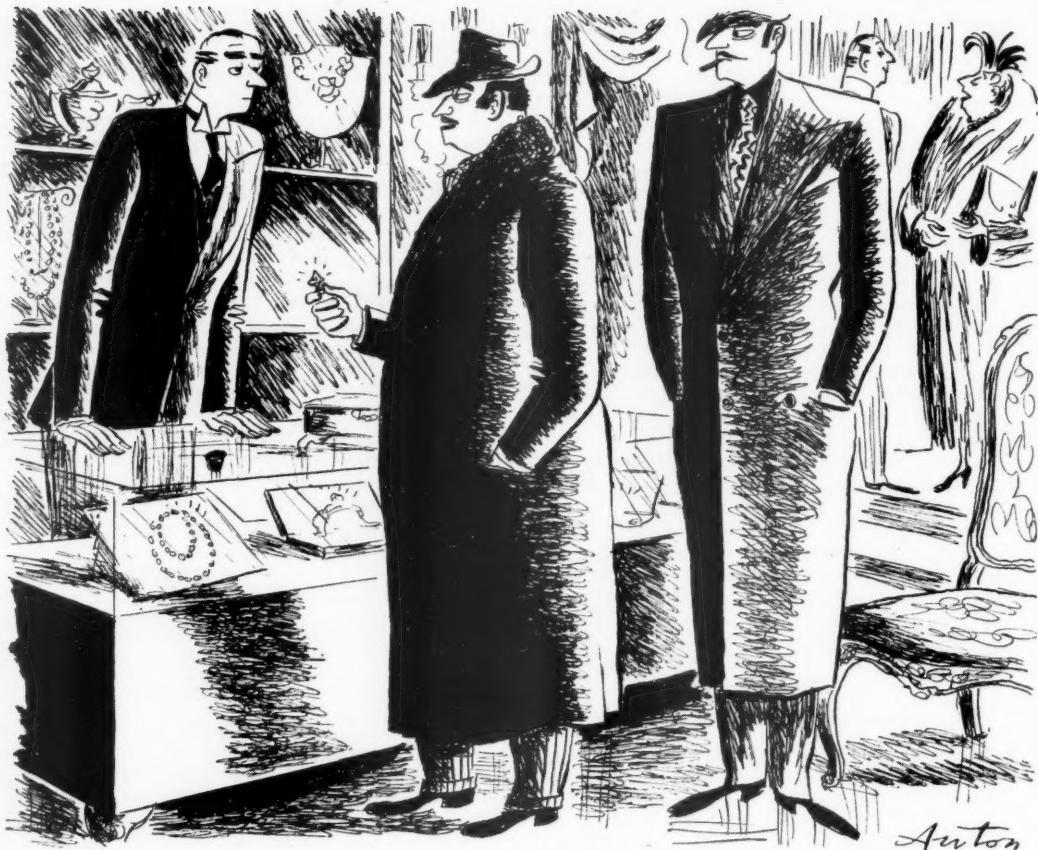
Now I want to say a few words about some relationships between people and things: clothes, books, gardens and such. What I want to say about books is just a reminder of how, when my readers are reading some book that impressed them, they react very typically by wondering how they would impress the author. With clothes we come to some rather misty thinking about ancient well-loved garments. There is a general idea of reciprocated affection which, I must point out, goes beyond the facts; not even carpet-slippers, whatever they are, justify in action the unaffected loyalty they suggest. An interesting thing about the old clothes worn at week-ends and times of leisure—a deceptively soft-sounding word which embraces hammering, distempering, digging and piling logs in sheds—is that their wearers are apparently genuinely sensitive to criticism, which indicates a time-lag in the attitude of the person inside a garment to that garment, or else just pigheadedness. Of the relation between people and gardens I should mention that what people feel towards their gardens is nothing to what their gardens feel towards them if they should take a short non-owning stroll down a path before going back for the rake.

ANDE.

My Hens

SIX snowy ladies, full of grit and perspicacity,
Eating their rations with beady-eyed rapacity,
Jumping on my shoulder with impudent audacity,
Sitting in the nest-box with praiseworthy tenacity,
Wallowing in dust-baths with rapturous sagacity,
And, wonderful to tell, producing to capacity!





"I want this diamond stud shaved down—it won't go through the holes in my dress shirts."

Horses Don't Count.

PLENTY of people have a high regard for the horse, but not for *my* reasons. For them the horse is a noble animal festooned with associations that are essentially irrelevant; they think of meets on frosty mornings, beautiful girls in jodhpurs, lumps of sugar snaffled with velvet lips, the smell of oats, or a win at thirty-three to one. I think, since reading the latest number of the Penguin *New Biology*, of Clever Hans.

I ought to have heard something about Clever Hans before; you, perhaps, had. I do have a vague recollection of seeing his name somewhere, but I cannot believe I was ever told in any detail of his striking achievements in mathematics. It irks me that I have not been told more about them now; Mr. Anthony Barnett's article in *New Biology* on "The Study of the Behaviour of Mammals" uses him only as a sort of introduction, and in order to exemplify the kind of error that biologists investigating the behaviour of a horse may fall into; but my interest in Clever Hans has been aroused, and when I get a bit closer to books of reference—from which (as I had expected to make this a Letter to the Editor) I am of course writing far away—I shall look him up.

The *Dictionary of National Biography* will be no good,

for I doubt that he was an English horse. It seems that he belonged, about fifty years ago, to a Herr von Osten, and he used to answer questions by stamping with his hoof; the date, the time, or a complex calculation, Clever Hans would take them all in his stamp . . . though it occurs to me that the questioner must have needed quite a bit of perseverance. Nobody with a train to catch would have been well advised to ask Clever Hans, at 12.59 P.M. on December 31st, the time, the date and the number of whiskers in forty-four pints of shrimps.

The precise way in which the questions were put to him to begin with is not stated in this article, but if you ask me he had it pretty tough. For the suspicious investigators, wishing to devise "more stringent tests" of his ability, set out to ask him questions "to which none of the persons present knew the answers." Mr. Barnett quotes Katz, and I quote from his quotation:

"For instance, from among a number of pieces of card-board, each with a question written on it, one was drawn and shown to the horse, without anyone knowing which question it was."

In other words, Clever Hans's ability to read was simply taken for granted. Few investigators would have expected

any results from showing him inscribed bits of cardboard if all his successes till then had been in *viva voce* examinations. One is led inevitably to the conclusion that he was quite used to being confronted with a card reading:

WHAT IS THE DATE?

or—

WHAT IS THE TIME?

or, for that matter (last, but binomial least)—

WHAT IS THE EXPANSION OF $(x+y)^n$ WHERE $n = \text{HALF OF } y^2$?

However, as it turned out, the dubiety of the investigators was found—as a result of the experiment chronicled by Katz—to be all too justified. Poor old Clever Hans turned out to be quite baffled when nobody present knew the answer; it seemed obvious that he had been relying on a stooge, however unintentional, in the audience. "As soon as this process was adopted" (I quote again at second hand from Katz) "the horse could no longer answer a single question, not even the simplest. It would begin to tap with its hoof without stopping, or in a perfectly meaningless fashion . . ."

And the conclusion was that he was waiting for some infinitesimal sign from one of the more over-eager members of the company. There was no deliberate trickery; but when the questioner knew what the question was, and hence the correct number of hoof-taps in the answer, he involuntarily made certain "amazingly small movements, chiefly of the head," when the number was reached, and Clever Hans would take the hint. For this discovery we are indebted to an investigator named Pfungst, who stays in Mr. Barnett's quotation from Katz long enough to make it and then disappears from the article never to return.

The story of the ruin of Clever Hans's intellectual reputation will now come into my head whenever I see a horse, and indeed whenever I read of one. Can all apparent high thinking among horses be put down to amazingly small movements, chiefly of the head, among the people who thought they noticed it?

There are great possibilities in the subject, for anyone with the time for a little research. Did Caligula's horse count in Roman numerals, and stop at the twitch of a toga or the approach of a subjunctive? Could Black Beauty have avoided a few misfortunes by noticing somebody's pupils dilate? If Silver Blaze . . .

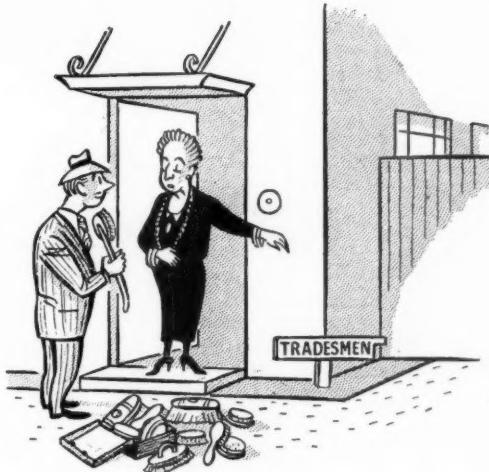
Enough; I must ask you to look them up yourself. I have to go and make some sizeable movements of the head at my own horse, Idle Hans—somebody or other seems to be always (still) finding him some mischief. But I shan't ask him to solve any complex mathematical problems—not until I get a permit for a new stable floor. R. M.

• • •

Light Blue Lacuna

(A writer in "The Times Educational Supplement" deplores the fact that few university graduates have had any training in philosophy.)

I KNOW a man who studied hard at Caius—
And afterwards at Yale took two degrees:
I must confess it gave me quite a shock
To find that he had never opened Locke.





"Come and have a paddle, Bert—the water's lovely!"

Je M'Excuse

WHAT a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty . . . how quite unnecessarily complicated. Things would be simple, really, were it not for the ravelling and contorting nature of Man, which, spelt like that with a big M, and sometimes even without, includes, as we all know, Woman.

The facts leading me to this depth of thought and feeling are simple. Mrs. Constantly and myself live within about four miles of each other. We like each other, and when we see each other we are pleased to see each other; and we act as if we were deliriously so. The children can sometimes be jockeyed into seeing each other. They do not think very much about each other at all. Mine sometimes say the Constantly children are all right: sometimes they say they are unbearably bossy, and sometimes that they are unspeakably dumb. What the Constantly children think can be but hazily deduced from a rather reserved expression they assume when we are sighted. The name Constantly is not spelt or pronounced like that: it has been so spelt and pronounced by my children because they say that Mrs. C. is Constantly on my mind. And whenever a rather longer gap of time than usual has passed without our seeing each other I—it is equally plain—am on Mrs. Constantly's mind.

Why? That is the first unanswerable question.

The other day we had not met for about three weeks. I felt a perhaps slightly embarrassing awareness of the passage of time: on Mrs. Constantly the pressure from her complex was such that she rang me up.

"We've been longing to see you," she cried.

"We've been longing to see you," I called back.

"It seems ages!" said Mrs. Constantly.

"I think it seems years," I replied.

Mrs. Constantly then explained that the thing was that time *whizzed* so. I agreed that time *did* whizz; it was one of its most characteristic qualities.

"One scarcely realizes the holidays have begun," I said, "before they have ended."

"Or that the term has started," said Mrs. Constantly, "before it has finished."

"Or that it's Christmas," I caroled on, "before it's . . ." but Mrs. Constantly had taken a deep breath and committed herself.

"You must all come over."

"We absolutely must," I said.

Why did we think this? We both spoke with conviction: and, to do ourselves justice, it was conviction we felt.

"What we thought," said Mrs. Constantly, "was supposing you all came over to lunch on Wednesday."

"Oh, not lunch—" I began.

"Well, tea," said Mrs. Constantly, giving ground with rather disconcerting speed. "Come early!" she added, adroitly recovering her balance.

"That would be the loveliest idea possible," I said. "May I think a moment about Wednesday?"

"Do think about Wednesday!" said Mrs. C. unstintingly.

I thought about Wednesday. I could see nothing but a row of darkly reluctant faces. I saw myself casting about, against time and without hope, for a clean skirt. The telephone waited inexorably and pipped.

"May I look in my little book a minute?" I said.

"Do look in your little book a minute," said Mrs. C., without reserve.

I put my hand over the receiver and looked blankly at the advertisements on the page of a weekly paper. "Four out of five have gum trouble—but not me . . . !"

"Oh, dear," I said into the telephone, "how could I have forgotten the wretched dentist?"

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Constantly.

"All of us," I said, "all the afternoon—one after another—"

I could see us plainly now; all standing in a national queue.

"The boys have got stoppings, and, as it's free now, I feel I might as well avoid gum-trouble; and it's been fixed for weeks."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Constantly, "it's terribly disappointing."

"We couldn't be more disappointed," I said, "all of us—"

Why didn't we leave it at this satisfactory conclusion? The second unanswerable question.

We nearly did. But something—something perhaps in the curiously demanding quality of the telephone, which will brook neither silence nor finality—forced from Mrs. Constantly's lips the words "Well . . . what about Thursday?"

I couldn't manage it all over again.

"Thursday," I said, "would be absolutely heavenly."

Thursday was, in fact, an absolutely heavenly day. When I woke up I realized that the sinking feeling that it would be a bore to go out to tea on Thursday had crystallized into the knowledge that it was simply not possible to go out to tea on Thursday. At breakfast it appeared that it had been impossible all along. The children behaved as if no one had ever mentioned such a project to them. They had arranged quite other occupations: such as collecting maggots, writing poetry, and, unexpectedly enough, otter-hunting. For myself, I had no clean skirt. I took a cup of strong black coffee to the telephone.



"It's such a relief to find someone who takes neither sugar NOR milk—that is right, isn't it, dear?"

"It's so perfectly awful!" I said, when Mrs. C. answered, "but did you ask us to tea this afternoon?"

"Well," said Mrs. C., after a moment's temptation, "yes."

"How could I," I said, "have been so idiotically vague!"

"Can't you come?" said Mrs. Constantly's voice, several shades lighter than before.

"The tremendously fearful thing," I said, "is that we can't."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. C. in a resilient tone, "how disappointing!"

Was that not enough? Since we were all happy, why didn't we leave it at that? The third unanswerable question.

The nature of man is profound; I sometimes think the nature of the telephone is profounder. For in a matter of seconds I had added: "It seems so incredible that if I hadn't found her postcard inside the encyclopaedia I should have completely forgotten my old, old aunt."

"Plant?" said Mrs. Constantly, ready for anything.

"No—aunt. Old—old! You know how impossible it is to put off one's very old aunt when it's all been settled for weeks—"

I liked Mrs. C.'s instant sympathy.

"Over seventy," she said, "people get so that they can't rearrange their plans—"

"She's over eighty," I said.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. C.

"She knew Disraeli frightfully well," I heard my voice telling her.

"I've got one," said Mrs. Constantly, "who knew Dickens."

"That's interesting," I said.

"Has she far to come?" asked Mrs. C.

"Oh, yes, from Tavistock," I said. Why should Tavistock be hovering so blithely on the edge of one's subconscious? "She lives in a cottage on the moors," I went on, "with no one to help her—and keeps bees—"

"You wouldn't like . . ." began Mrs. C., and I had a moment's premonition that she might feel compelled by some power outside herself to add the words "to bring her over, too?"

"And then, you know," I went on a trifle wildly, "there's this long-expected otter-hunt—"

We had had twelve minutes by the time we drew to a close.

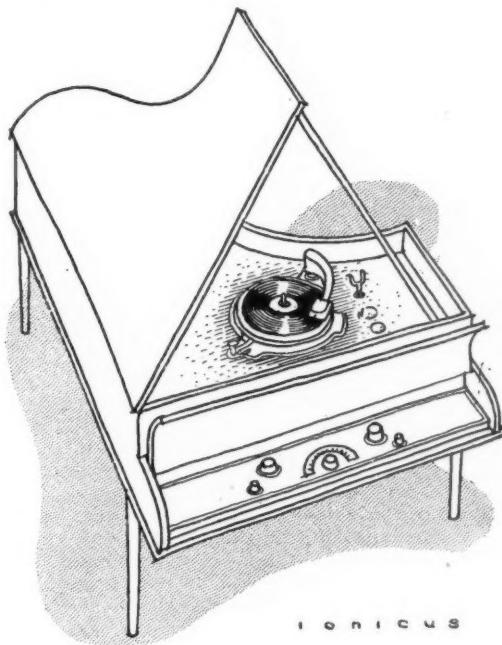
I sat down on the window-seat, exhausted by the speed of invention; and contemplated the clear, the blue—the simple—sky.

Mrs. Constantly and I are really great friends. Why, in the first place, did she feel constrained to ask me to tea? Why, in the second, did I not say we couldn't come? Why did we spend so much time, money, and nervous energy? What a piece of work is man! How infinite in faculty . . . in reaction how swift to panic, in expression how dishonest, in slavery to the mechanical devices of his own making how complete. How base, how involved. How extremely peculiar.

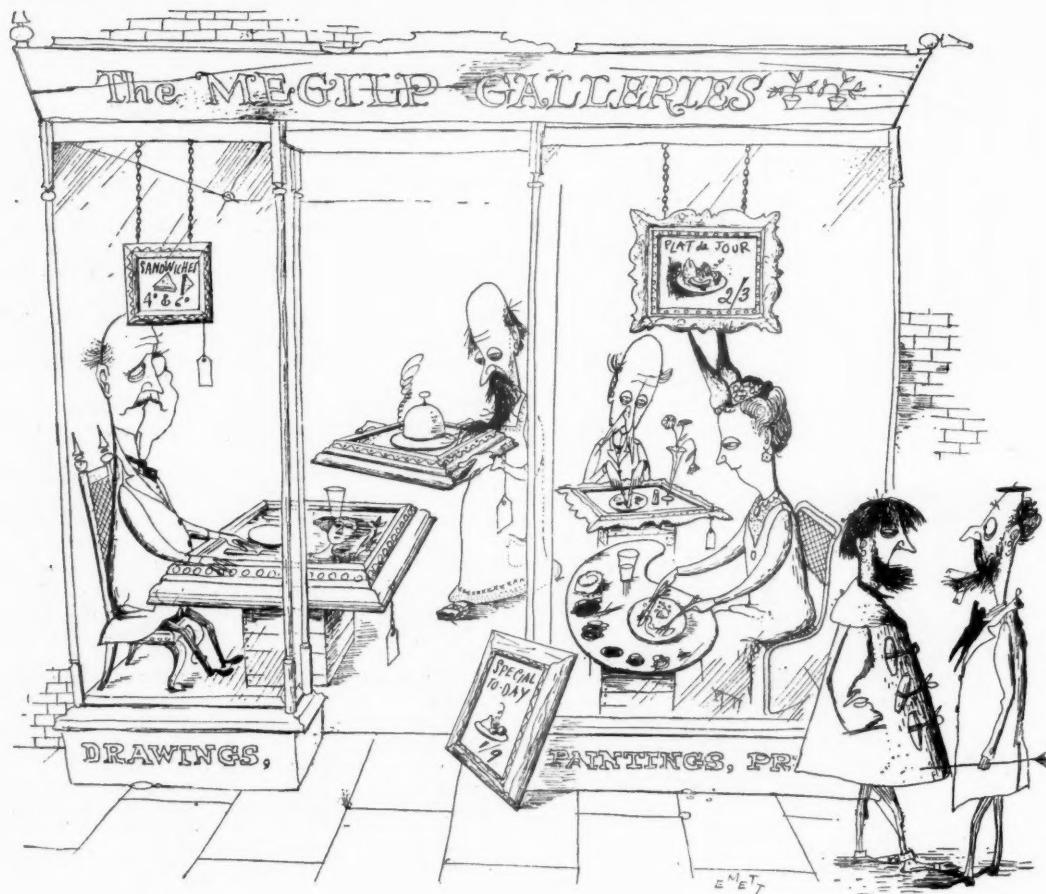
Yet Mrs. Constantly is still on my mind: and I, and I, on hers.

This Useful Little Book

"*Lay Preacher's Guide*, G. A. Birks and T. Brett Davies, Lindsey Press, Is. 6d. This useful little book shows how anyone can prepare and conduct a service from first to last without any recourse to God whatever."—From a list of "Books Received" in "The Congregational Quarterly."



IRONICUS



"It began by serving coffee to attract people in to see the pictures, but . . ."

The Dentist

(A dentist recently drew two of his own teeth, and made a claim under the National Health scheme.
Unlike Chaucer's dentist, he was not successful.)

A GENTIL wight was with us, soth to seye,
That coude of drawing teth the nexte weye.
His handes weren stronge, his eyen kene.
A chaire he had y-wrought of iren sheme
Ther-in he kepte his pacients ful longe;
Certes, he wolde pressen dounre hir tonge,
And serchen in hir mouthe with a glasse;
Ther nas no clift* ne hole coude him passe;
Ay "Rinse" wolde he crye and "Open wyde!"
A whirring engyn was ther by his syde,
And ther-withal he thirled† wel hir teth:
They were a-drad of him as of the deth,
And with his pinceris had he hem in awe.
Ful harde he coude tugge and pulle and drawe,

* Cavity.

That no man longe might his strength with-
stonde.
Two of his teth with his own propre honde
He hadde pulled at the kinges cost.
He walked for the nonce with ure Host,
And spak of many a noble pronge, I trowe,
That in the gomme was to depe y-growe.
Lyk snowe was his overest courtepy,
That was the signe of his fraternitee,
And was y-festned to the nekke-bone.
To stille his pacients was al his wone
Whan that they sholde shreeke and crye and
yelle.
He dwelt al one; his hus was by the Belle.
† Drilled.



ANDREI THE SOVIET ILLUSIONIST

"Now watch me carefully!"



"I told you she'd nationalize us if we showed a profit."

Sir Max's Warning

IN Plate 2 Morris has dark hair. In Plate 23 his hair is gold. It may be mentioned that I had noticed this dreadful discrepancy, and had been sorry that in my younger days I supposed that Morris (never set eyes on by me) was as blond as a Viking; but that I wished the error to stand as an awful warning against guesswork by the young." (A note by Sir Max Beerbohm prefacing the Penguin reprint of *The Poets' Corner*.)

Which reminds me very forcibly of a somewhat similar discrepancy that once crept into the work of Johnson Sloter, a young reporter employed by the London *Morning Mail*.

In March, 1902, the Warden of St. Griffin's, Oxford, announced that an anonymous admirer had made a gift of almost half a million pounds to the college. Such news would cause quite a stir in Fleet Street at any time; in the spring of 1902, after one of the poorest winters for murder, arson and so on within living memory, the editors leapt like famished trout. The benefactor was rushed to the front page with banner headlines, photographs of St. Griffin's, Balliol, several

undergraduates on bicycles, Matthew Arnold and the Oxford crew of 1901. The *Daily Lightning* printed a large diagram of "Mappin's Peak," the famous spire of St. Griffin's, and filled one whole column with a story of the numerous undergraduate attempts to climb it. The *Globe-Chronicle's* star reporter turned in an exclusive yarn alleging that the money had been delivered to the college in two drays drawn by dapple-grey mares.

On the following day the editor of the *Morning Mail* sent Johnson Sloter to Oxford with instructions to unmask the philanthropist and produce eight hundred words of crisp biography. It was the young reporter's first important assignment. He grabbed a large notebook and the office copy of Roget's *Thesaurus* and ran to the station.

He found a dozen reporters grouped round the main gate of St. Griffin's and joined them in abusing an uncommunicative porter. By lunch-time Sloter was getting worried. By three o'clock, with nothing more than a street-map and a postcard of Brasenose to show for his arduous questing, he

was feeling distinctly panicky. He entered a tea-shop, ordered a poached egg on toast, opened his notebook and began to nibble at his pencil....

All next day he moaned about the office, waiting for the summons that would mark the end of his apprenticeship with the *Mail*. When it came he shook hands with his colleagues, straightened his tie and marched into the editor's office.

"Why did you say that the St. Griffin's benefactor had red whiskers?" said the chief.

"I wished the error to stand as an awful warning against guesswork by the young," said Sloter. Or words to that effect.

"Well, I must congratulate you," said the editor, smiling. "I've just had a message from him, thanking us for putting everybody off the scent. He's so pleased that he's promised us an exclusive story—provided that we mention the red whiskers again."

A year later Sloter handled the Sinclair affair. He was now "Our Special Reporter, Johnson Sloter," a big jump from "*Morning Mail*

Reporter"—and most of the big news-breaks were assigned to him. Augustus Sinclair was an elderly poultry-farmer of Wrixham, Sussex. One misty morning in June he was found dead with his head in a nesting-box and a pruning-knife sticking in his back. The police were completely baffled. Slotter visited the scene of the crime and wrote a long and tedious description of the nesting-box, the farm, the neighbourhood, Sussex and Rhode Island Reds. It was a poor effort and he knew it, so before handing it in he added that the Sussex police were anxious to interview a short man in a greasy grey raincoat, camping shorts and brown stockings who, it was alleged, had been seen leaving the farm shortly before dawn with tray of day-old chicks. He described the man as "round-shouldered and lantern-jawed with grey hair reddening at the temples."

Next morning Slotter was sipping coffee with his chief when the door swung open to admit a tall man wearing a dark-blue overcoat over a pin-striped flannel suit.

"I want to give myself up," he said simply, "for the premeditated murder of Augustus Sinclair."

Slotter gasped and the editor grabbed the phone.

When order had been restored in the office and Slotter had written his dramatic account of the surrender the editor opened a bottle of whisky.

"Why did you say that the fellow had grey hair reddening at the temples?" he asked.

"A slip of course," said Slotter.

"But he was as bald as an onion."

"Well," said Slotter, "I wanted the error to stand as an awful warning against guesswork by the young." Or words to that effect.

Slotter was much happier as assistant editor, and happier still six months later when his great work on the Vermeer forgeries gave him the editorship. He was now free to indulge his passion for hobnobbing with the celebrities. Every evening, faultlessly attired, buttonholed and cigarred, he dined at some exclusive club. He was soon on nodding terms with princes, peers and proprietors. He was the youngest editor in London, clearly destined to go far.

One night he was dining at the notorious Celadon Club when a remarkable incident occurred. A tall, gaunt woman wearing a gown of blue décolletage suddenly broke into cracked drunken laughter, jumped on the table, kicked the china and glass to the floor and began to aim savage blows at

the waiters with a champagne bottle. Slotter recognized her as Lady Hackmann, wife of the proprietor of the *Daily Lightning*. Instinctively his hand went to his pocket for paper and pencil and immediately he began to scribble in shorthand:

AMAZING SCENE IN NIGHT CLUB

PRESS BARONESS'S TANTRUMS

At precisely eleven-thirty last night . . .

Slotter stopped writing and looked round anxiously. His cheeks were on fire. What a fool! he thought. Here I am, the editor of a famous national newspaper, behaving like a stunt reporter. Write the thing up later, can't I, at home or in the office? Fortunately, his folly seemed to have passed unnoticed—almost. Someone at the focal table was glowering in his direction over a gold pince-nez. Lord Hackmann. Slotter ordered another double brandy. And then another . . .

The first thought that entered Slotter's throbbing head next morning was that he had never before been late at the office. It was followed by a series of painful cerebrations projected at the wall of fog surrounding the previous night's activities. At last a small breach was won and Slotter sank to his knees under a flood of bitter recollection.

He was about to leave for the office when the phone rang and a prim secretarial voice inquired whether Mr. Slotter would be good enough to call on Lord Hackmann at the *Daily Lightning*. Slotter took a taxi.

"I wanted to thank you personally," said Lord Hackmann, "for what you did for me last night—or, rather, what you didn't do. One of the bravest, whitest acts in the history of Fleet Street."

They shook hands.

"It was nothing, my lord," said Slotter.

"Then it is for nothing that I invite you to become editor-in-chief of the Hackmann Press and to accept five hundred fully paid-up shares in the company as a small token of my appreciation."

"Well!" said Slotter.

"But tell me," said Lord Hackmann, "why did you decide not to use that story? After all, the *Mail* and the *Lightning* are pretty deadly rivals."

"I wanted the discrepancy to stand," said Slotter, "as an awful warning against guesswork by the young." Or words to that effect.

HOD.

October Hedge

THE spider's plucking fingers,
thread by grey twisted thread,
have woven the year's winding-
sheet
before the year is dead:

see, here the shroud is spread:

wrapped
and lapped

and swathed and folded,
to the hedge's skeleton moulded,
sagging o'er its banchy bones.
And yet the warm life lingers,
the year, slow-breathing, drones.

And suddenly
light, breaking through the ceremonys
of mist
and grave-cloths clogging what was
beauty, illumes
the lead-like shroud—
as a shaft of sunlight bathes
with a dazzle of dust-motes dim
cathedral glooms:
look, every interstice of every netted
cross-section of each web is worked
and fretted,
cloisonné-clustered with jewels
O, suspended
as though a cloth of stars had fallen,
splendid
and, for this funeral, the
sun had wept aloud.

R. C. S.

• •

Typing College Canteen

MENU

Hair Soup
Brown Windsor Soap

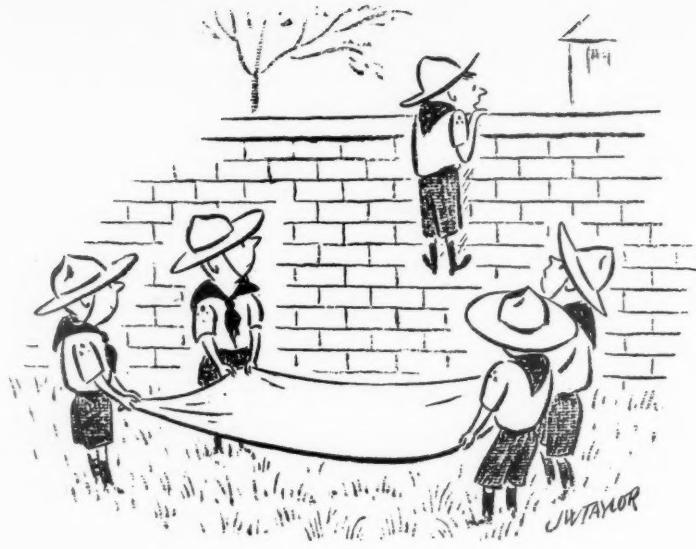
Grilled Cad
Faked Cod
Raked Mackerel, Custard Sauce

Jagged Hare
oiled Mutton, Paper Sauce
Roast Button, Mind Sauce
Boiled Beer and Carrots
Roast Bees and Yorkshire Pudding
Hum and Balad

Lashed Potatoes
Fired Potatoes
Soiled Potatoes
Buttered Parrots
Braced Unions
Collieflour

Bared Jim Roll
Apple Cart
Collage Pudding
Naked Bustard and Plumes

Only 3-course dinner may be served,
by order, Ministry of Fool.



"Could we have our Scoutmaster, please?"

Drills, Fire

The Chief Clerk.

FURTHER to National Circular N 123/48 and to your local instructions on the same subject, I have to report the result of a fire-drill held in this Branch.

On August 16th Mr. Wratters and myself started a small conflagration with oily rags on the main staircase (which is of stone and therefore suitable for a "semblance of reality"—para. 7). After starting the "incident" between the ground and first floors it was possible to watch developments from behind two filing cabinets on the landing without being observed by officers in the normal course of their duties.

The "fire" was intended to start at 3 P.M. At approximately 3.4, however, it went out. (In relighting it Mr. Wratters dropped his pocket-watch and is now inquiring as to the method for obtaining repairs at Official expense—File "A" attached.)

By 3.15 P.M. there was a fair quantity of smoke, but this did not appear to attract any attention. The smoke had begun to clear before the Misses Goodchild and Betts (Temporary Female Clerks III) appeared on the first floor with the apparent intention of descending. They studied the smouldering material and went away without taking "the appropriate action." At 3.20 three Male Clerks ascended the stairs, and one of them, Mr. Sidenote, kicked the remains of

the conflagration to ground floor level. At this point the Misses Goodchild and Betts appeared on the Ground Floor, having apparently descended by the back staircase. Some private conversation ensued between the Male Clerks and Miss Goodchild as a result of which Messrs. Sidenote and Chapman (encouraged by Miss Betts) held the former officer by her hands and feet respectively over what was left of the "fire." Again, no "appropriate action" with regard to the outbreak was taken. The incident was then closed by the chance appearance of the Temporary Male Cleaner, who blamed those present for the smell and the mess and threatened to advise myself of what had taken place.

It is considered that the exercise was unsatisfactory, and before a further drill is arranged you will perhaps consider the issue of a suitable reminder to the staff on the "appropriate action" in the event of fire.

J. SILVERWORTHY,
Accounts Branch.

Mr. Silverworthy, Accounts Branch.

Read with interest. A further *Strong Reminder* to the staff has been circulated, as suggested, and a second exercise seems necessary in order (a) to give practice to the staff, and (b) to ascertain weaknesses, if any, in the fire precaution arrangements.

It is suggested that the hours of

11 A.M. and 3 P.M. should be avoided as the authorized tea-breaks may involve the absence of key-personnel from duty points. No exercise should take place on Fridays when wages are being paid.

It is presumed that suitable disciplinary action has been taken with the officers named in your report.

R. RICHTONE,
Chief Clerk.

The Chief Clerk.

Noted, and suitable action taken.

A further exercise was held at 11.40 A.M. yesterday morning, and I have to report as follows:

Experience gained led Mr. Wratters and myself to use more oil and more rags. (There appears to be no sub-head for local purchase of these items, and with your permission the cost will be included under Materials, Cleaning, Misc., in the weekly statement.)

At 11.42 A.M. a member of the public entered the building, but retired immediately upon seeing the smoke. (The person subsequently proved to be the mother of Miss Toddy bringing sandwiches for the latter.) At 11.42 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mr. Whitton (Clerk, Male, Higher Grade) appeared on the first floor landing and followed the correct procedure, by pressing the alarm. Within thirty seconds members of the staff were filing out of their rooms, though with the exception of Miss Goodchild not holding hands in pairs. On finding the main stairs "impassable" there seemed to be no general move towards the back stairs, and the landing was full when the first fire-party (Messrs. Potter and Fish, Ledgers) arrived with an extinguisher, the knob of which had been struck prematurely. In consequence, several officers received a fair quantity of foam on their clothing, and they have to-day made certain representations (see File "B" attached).

Fire-parties Nos. 2 and 3 turned out from the second floor bringing additional extinguishers together with sand- and water-buckets. One officer, Mr. Legge, carrying two water-buckets, discharged them before he could "reasonably ascertain the seat of the conflagration" over Mr. Wratters and myself just as we were emerging from behind the cabinet to bring the exercise to an early close.

At this stage the public Fire Brigade arrived. It has been confirmed that they were not summoned by any member of this staff but by Miss Toddy's mother (see para. 4). It is difficult to see how such an eventuality could have been guarded against except by a flat prohibition on the bringing in of sandwiches.

Seeing the smoke, the Fire Brigade began operations before I was able to establish my identity with the officer-in-charge, who then reluctantly withdrew.

Adverse comment has been made by the police, who considered the crowd which collected outside an unnecessary obstruction in an already crowded thoroughfare, and one of the extinguishers which was carried outside, still discharging, is alleged to have damaged a sergeant's cape. (See File "C".)

I should perhaps mention that there appears to be no official method of replenishing sand consumed from the fire-buckets. Several of the buckets are, in consequence, empty, and this should be noted should it be decided to hold another drill in the near future.

J. SILVERWORTHY,
Accounts Branch.

○ ○

The Feast

SYMPSON suggested that he and I should indulge in a week's walking-tour in the north of Scotland, which is still in the sterling area. I was not myself too keen on the idea, because although Sympson and I had many happy walking-tours in Scotland in pre-war days, neither of us is quite as lissom as he used to be. It is a curious fact that a certain rotundity of figure can be achieved even on present-day rations, and while I myself have not gone beyond a comfortable plumpness, there is no denying the fact that Sympson is definitely fat.

"The actual walking," Sympson admitted, "will perhaps be a bit of an effort, but the real pleasure of a walking-tour is never in the actual walking. It is the evenings that are best, when you stagger wearily into a wayside inn and consume great plates of ham-and-eggs and huge brown pots of tea."

"Ham-and-eggs," I reminded him sadly, "are a dream of yesteryear."

"Not in the remoter parts of the Highlands," he said. "I will plan our tour so that we only go through wild parts where the influence of Strachey has hardly penetrated. We will go to inns that we patronized before the war, and the landlords will remember us and comb the countryside for eggs and kill the fatted swine for the sake of auld lang syne."

In the end, as usual, he talked me into it. We took the train to Strathness, and from there we began to walk.

Sympson's original idea was to walk twenty miles a day and book up at inns approximately that distance apart, but I persuaded him that this would tie us down too much, and luckily he agreed, because on the first day we were completely exhausted after covering ten miles. We put up at the inn at Auchterfechten, but when we asked for ham-and-eggs the innkeeper simply gave a coarse laugh. He was a newcomer who did not remember us, and we dined sadly off tinned pilchards and stewed prunes.

On the second day Sympson's idea was that we should do thirty miles to make up for the ten we had lost on the first day, but we broke down after covering seven, and put up for the night at the inn at Sporranduik. The landlord remembered us and greeted us warmly. He told us that he had already refused five parties of hikers, but that he felt he must make a special effort for such old friends. He gave us tinned pilchards and blancmange.

On the third day we did fifteen miles, for no other reason than that the road went on and on for that distance without passing through any inhabited place. We were completely exhausted and ravenous with hunger when we arrived outside the inn at Haggistoun. Sympson said he could eat a horse, but luckily there were no horses about, only an old ramshackle car. I thought he was eyeing the tyres in a rather cannibalistic way so I hurried him through the inn door.

"Your meal is ready," said the landlord, "so you'd better have it before it spoils, and clean yourselves up afterwards."

We hobbled into the dining-room and a girl came through from the kitchen carrying an enormous dish of ham-and-eggs and a great plate of bannocks and a huge brown pot of tea and a jug of creamy milk and a pot of luscious home-made jam.

"This is obviously a dream," said Sympson. "Doubtless we sank exhausted by the wayside and fell asleep."

"That is quite possible," I said, briskly, "but personally I do not propose to wake up until we have finished the meal."

We had just completed our task and were sitting back gazing at one another in a pop-eyed sort of way when the landlord came in, looking puzzled.

"Where are the rest of your party?" he asked. "You said in your letter that there would be eight of you. I suppose you are the Anchester Athletic Association?"

A rather awkward dialogue ensued, and then through the window I caught a glimpse of eight stalwart hikers coming over the brow of the hill. Sympson and I made courteous excuses to the landlord and then retired to our room and locked the door. I had a grim foreboding that the newcomers would be offered pilchards and blancmange and would not be happy about it, and the Anchester Athletic Association looked dangerously athletic.

D. H. B.



THE acting of the Comédie Française is like the mechanism of a watch, in which all the time the smallest wheels continue quietly to go round, their revolutions geared exactly to those of the big wheels and vitally important to their effect. To appreciate it properly at least three pairs of eyes are needed, because no member of the cast is ever, as it were, in neutral. Take the indulgent friend in *Le Misanthrope*, silently observing the sad mess into which *Alceste's* crazy jealousy is landing him, and note how his reactions (and MOLIÈRE's also) are mirrored marvellously in his face; or take *Alceste* himself, listening bitterly to the bickering of his rivals, and observe that M. PIERRE DUX, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Charles II, has only to lift the corner of his mouth a fraction and the depth of his misery and indignation is revealed. This extremely expressive acting is manured in the classical tradition, but it could scarcely be more economical; hands are used as they were intended to be used, but the pattern is restrained; the silences are as carefully timed as the explosions. M. DUX makes *Alceste* a figure of pathos as well as of fun, while Mlle. ANNIE DUCAUX, in I think the loveliest black-and-white dress I have ever seen, plays *Célimène* with exquisite coquetry. In HENRI BECQUE's curtain-raiser, *La Navette*, Mlle. MONY DALMES manipulates three amorous young men with wonderful dexterity. It is a great pity for London that this French season at the Cambridge is only to last three weeks.

The Old Vic's autumn season continues disappointing. Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE's *Toby Belch* was good, but as *Dr. Faustus* (at the New) he fails to capture the passion in Marlowe's poetry. He speaks the verse well, but without spirit; and this romantic scholar daring everything in a wild bid for knowledge might be merely a Bank President setting off very solemnly for the moon. In sharp contrast is Mr. ROBERT EDDISON's *Mephistophilis*, the reluctant salesman of hell. Here is the

At the Play

Le Misanthrope (CAMBRIDGE)—*Dr. Faustus* (NEW)—*Lend Me Robin* (EMBASSY)—*Variety* (PALLADIUM)

true stuff of Marlowe, fine rendered in a fire of feeling, and except for the passage near the end when *Faustus* tastes the bitter fruit of eternal loss—to which Sir CEDRIC does full justice—it is here the tragedy lies. Mr. EDDISON suggests a whole world of suffering in the way a poet would suggest it. With a play which is like a suspension



[Dr. Faustus]

TEMPTER'S FLASHY APPEARANCE
Mephistophilis MR. ROBERT EDDISON
Dr. Faustus SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

bridge in having its peaks at either end the only hope is to fill out the middle with visual excitements, as was done successfully at Stratford two years ago, but in the present production the infernal intruders might have grown more exotic in the tropical soil of hell, and the field of manoeuvre is much restricted by the solidity of the Wittenberg study. No director can do much with the silly trick on the Pope, but even after a perfectly asthmatic expenditure of very smoky gunpowder the production is duller than we should expect from Mr. JOHN BURRELL.

The French are far ahead of us in unravelling matrimonial tangles lightly.

Where GUTRY does it with conviction, Miss DAISY FISHER and Mr. HERBERT MASON get lost in a sea of improbability. *Lend Me*

Robin, at the Embassy, is not without humour, but its ancient plot of a neglected wife who pretends to take a lover calls for wittier refurbishing. The part of the husband, a temperamental conductor (of concerts, not buses) is the only good one, and that delightful actor, Mr. CHARLES GOLDNER, puts a wealth of comic invention into it. Miss SONIA

DRESDEL is the wife. Where a tragic emotion has to be scientifically shredded she carries all my money, but in this kind of triviality she is less at home. The evening is helped out by the farcical owlish publisher of Mr. WILLIAM MERVYN.

The return of GRACIE FIELDS to the Palladium is a timely reminder that the music-hall can be something more than a platform for film-stars showing off their tricks to weeping fans. She is superbly of the old brigade, controlling the audience with a flick of her finger and lulling it into a sentimental coma only to shiver its timbers with some outrageous piece of vocal clowning. It is the element of burlesque in this great artist that is particularly interesting; often it curves back towards herself, and perhaps her chief triumph lies in the fact that she makes a public in the main intolerant of satire take it and love it. Miss FLORENCE DESMOND mimics the queens of Hollywood brill-

iantly, but one would rather see her in fresh country. Similarly, Mr. TOMMY FIELDS singing about Connie in the cornfield is grand, but he has done it before. Apart from GRACIE, BORRAH MINEVITCH's HARMONICA RASCALS won in a canter so far as I was concerned. They not only play mouth-organs like angels, but in little JOHNNY PULEO they have a comedian who is so funny that he nearly breaks one's heart. SENOR WENCES is an extremely clever ventriloquist, with a head (in a box) which I thought I recognized as Landru's. As for ELLA FITZGERALD, who apparently needs no introduction to swing-swooners, she only made me wonder just where we are all going. ERIC.

At the Opera

The Beggar's Opera (PEOPLE'S PALACE)

THE People's Palace in Mile End Road reopened last week with a message of good wishes from Their Majesties, read by Mrs. Attlee, and BENJAMIN BRITTEN's new version, given by the English Opera Group, of JOHN GAY'S *Beggar's Opera*.

This new *Beggar's Opera* is a brilliant entertainment. BRITTEN has provided new settings for the well-known airs, TYRONE GUTHRIE has devised the production, and TANYA MOISEIWITSCH has designed the décor and costumes. In their twentieth-century settings GAY's characters and his moral come before us with added vividness. The world, he says, is divided into rich and poor. All men are equally base, but the rich can escape the consequences of their crimes, while the poor pay for them at the end of the hangman's rope.

In *The Beggar's Opera* we meet the highwayman, the pickpocket, the footpad, the trollop, the bawd, and, most vile of all, the receiver who would at any moment turn informer and deliver any one of his "clients" up to justice and the gibbet for the sake of the reward. This new production is designed to display the low life of eighteenth-century London in all its vileness, and it does it with a realism as brutal as Hogarth's. It is given as an opera by beggars for beggars in "the great room at St. Giles'," which by day is a laundry. At night a space is cleared for a stage, the tall clothes-horses are pushed into the background, and the beggars play their opera. When they are not playing or changing the scenes, carrying chairs and tables and rearranging the clothes-horses to form backcloths, they sit round and look on, as if they were too intimately bound up with this enactment of their own existence under the shadow of the gibbet to be able to leave. The only characters with a touch of romance about them are *Polly* and *Macheath*—though we are introduced to a *Macheath* sitting on a bed while *Polly* brings him his stockings and shoes. The rest of the characters are painted for us in varying shades of drabness, dirt, suffering and violence, the settings a perfect counterpart of BRITTEN's clever score, while the production unifies the whole and breathes life into it.

In *The Beggar's Opera* as we are accustomed to it the airs—some old English, some Scottish, Irish and French, some by Handel and Purcell—float like a garland of lilies on the surface of GAY's satiric picture of the

horror of eighteenth-century low life. Their very daintiness and formal grace pointed GAY's bitter satire. Now they are submerged, acting as foundations for intricate musical structures, or as threads on which the composer hangs pieces of brilliant descriptive writing. All this takes some getting used to; but though one regrets the fate that has befallen the airs, it is all enormously effective.

All BRITTEN's opera-scores are wonderfully descriptive, and he finds endless possibilities in his orchestra of twelve players. Here he makes us share the terror of *Polly* at the thought of *Macheath* going to the gallows, and the music that heralds *Peachum*'s arrival to seize *Macheath* is like an icy hand of fear clutching one's heart;

while the character-sketches drawn by solo instruments of the strumpets of *Macheath*'s acquaintance as they arrive at the inn one by one are strokes of genius—particularly that portrait by the flute of *Jenny Diver*, sly, ingratiating, treacherous.

The cast is excellent, even though the singers frequently have to strain to make themselves heard against the raw bright colours of the orchestration. PETER PEARS as *Macheath* is very gallant, reckless and heartless; NANCY EVANS is a charming *Polly*; ROSE HILL portrays *Lucy Lockit* very convincingly as a vengeful slut who yet has a heart; while *Peachum* and *Lockit* are drawn in all their vileness by the brilliant performances of GEORGE JAMES and OTAKAR KRAUS. D. C. B.



"I hate cigarettes actually, but I don't mind having one just to keep you company."



Our Booking Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Images

AN example of the best and most stimulating kind of small book (small only in physical weight of words and drawings; not small in "format," and far from trivial in effect) is *Hunting With "The Fox"* (BRUNO CASSIRER, Oxford; distributed by FABER, 12/6), which is a translation by Messrs. T. W. EARP and G. W. STONIER of Jules Renard's "Histoires Naturelles," with the illustrations by Toulouse-Lautrec. The charm of this thin, square book is extreme, and its quality unique. Odd phrases from Renard's aphorisms (though not as a rule the most striking—one ought to have heard before his description of the elephant, "almost lost in baggy trousers that have been hitched too high, and a little bit of string hangs down behind") are sometimes quoted, but most of his brilliant, packed images will be quite new to English readers, and to have them in a book with the Lautrec lithographs affords great pleasure. The print is large and handsome, for the slow reading these pregnant pieces demand and reward; the full-page pictures should delight equally those who know animals and those who love fine drawing. A straight-through reading (cocks, ducks, turkeys, pigeons, the dog, the cat, the ox, the pig, the horse, the donkey . . .) gives the flavour of an hour in the country, but the possessors of the book will pore over it again and again, text and pictures, always with keen enjoyment.

R. M.

Two Dilemmas and One Doctor

The conditions under which men are allowed to do their best work are usually hard ones; and more young enthusiasts compound with the world than defy it. Moreover, though poets and painters may starve in garrets, a research student needs a laboratory. So one finds Dr. A. J. CRONIN's Robert Shannon laboratory assistant to a rapacious old professor who employs three bright young men on his own work and publishes their results as "collaboration." *Shannon's Way* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6), however, is his own way. A Catholic secure of his faith but embittered by some of its implications, he must needs lose his heart to a nonconformist medical student destined for the mission-field. His efforts to stake a claim to a bride and a laboratory take him to a snug bakehouse in a small country town, a fever hospital, an asylum, and such transitory bases as one's childhood's home and the homes of one's friends offer the unemployed. These are peopled, it goes without saying, by figures drawn to the height of their not very memorable stature. For it is Dr. CRONIN's way to endow the second-rate, third-rate and fourth-rate with so much vitality and importance that both he and you forget—except at rare intervals—that the first-rate is waiting to be recaptured.

H. P. E.

"Bloods"

In *Boys Will Be Boys* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6) Mr. E. S. TURNER gives an account both erudite and brilliantly entertaining of boys' thrillers, from Victorian penny dreadfuls down to Dick Barton, the radio hero, who was introduced to the public for the first time only two years ago. Richard Lloyd, who in later life acquired the *Daily Chronicle*, invented penny dreadfuls in the eighteen-forties, and built up an organization to produce them. The most famous of his productions was Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, whose victims were converted into meat pies. These penny dreadfuls were primarily addressed to adult readers. As the century advanced and boys began to be directly catered for, less disgusting themes were used, though in the saga of Jack Harkaway, the youthful idol of the 'seventies, 'eighties and 'nineties, Red Indian braves are tortured, and the smell of burning flesh described with relish. From the close of the century onwards, tales of scientific inventions became increasingly popular, and much of what has since been realized in fact was first set forth as fancy, radio-controlled aerial torpedoes, to give one example, bombarding England from the Frisian Islands many years before V2. Inter-planetary skull-duggery, as Mr. TURNER calls it, has yet to materialize. What we may expect, if the stories summarized in chapter twelve are any guide, are attempts by Venus to deprive us of our moon, raiding expeditions from dying planets, and, eventually, space-ships manoeuvring at a million miles an hour.

H. K.

The Little Country Houses

How often, as a train carries one through England, it is the modest buildings that catch the eye—the farms standing self-sufficient among weathered walls and barns, the small square houses, brick or board or stone, that have taken a look of wisdom from the centuries, the tiny cottages where countrymen have been bred for generations. All these little houses have an intimate air of being lived in cosily behind their pleasant faces, and thanks to traditional use of local materials (cobb, wichert and clunch are good words!) they have the happy knack of seeming to have

grown. *English Cottages and Farm-houses* (COLLINS, 5/-) is the latest of the excellent "Britain in Pictures" series, and both in Mr. C. HENRY WARREN's account and in the drawings and paintings by rural artists which he has collected this is a feast for any lover of the English scene. As an East Anglian he speaks up for the flint walls of Norfolk while finding little to praise in the grim stone of the West coasts, but his proper prejudice is kept in check. Much that he describes is passing, at least in the interiors, where the work of craftsmen is being smothered by mass-produced goods in gaudy taste; and the new cottages, though often admirably planned and far healthier to live in, still lack character. It is in the garden that the natural good taste of the countryman now finds its best expression.

E. O. D. K.

The Post-Belsen Touch

Crude realism set off by "mystical" trimmings renders *The Pillar of Cloud* (GOLLANCZ, 9/6) precisely the novel for those who combine extreme toughness with extreme naivety. It portrays a young Irishman wandering in and out of German concentration camps and sharing over-crowded German quarters with displaced persons of both sexes. There seems no particular reason for Dominic Malone to endure these conditions. But endure them he does; and generously shares Uncle Egan's intermittent Irish food parcels with whatever co-mates and brothers in exile are stinting themselves to feed him. A writer whose savings are gone, he has, we are told, "no desire to do any work other than his own writing, which, for the present, brought him in nothing." His circle, who are selling bodies and souls for such crusts as these commodities will fetch, do not suggest, one feels, with sufficient force that Dominic should go back to Eire and send more food parcels or (alternatively) do a little voluntary tillage in Germany. Mr. FRANCIS STUART, however, has drawn two Polish sisters whose instinctive will to live, both spiritually and physically, is—though not very effective—an interesting antidote to Dominic's nihilism. And Dominic, after all, is a very common phenomenon: the man who rends his own puny faith rather than rend its only too efficient exploiters.

H. P. E.

Aphra Behn

Mr. GEORGE WOODCOCK, whose political development has been from militant Communism to philosophical anarchism, has done his best in *The Incomparable Aphra* (T. V. BOARDMAN, 12/6) to picture Aphra Behn as a pioneer in the intellectual and social liberation of mankind. It is a gallant enterprise, and Aphra Behn, to whom gallantry was always pleasing, would have applauded his intention, however puzzled she might have been by his performance. A warm-hearted, warm-blooded, richly gifted woman, whose songs Swinburne compared with Villon's, she well deserves the efforts made by Edmund Gosse, Sir Walter Raleigh, Father Summers and Miss Victoria Sackville-West to rescue her from indiscriminate condemnation as an immoral woman and a profligate Restoration hack playwright. But not enough is known about her to justify Mr. Woodcock's full-length biography, which he has had to eke out with too copious quotations from her writings, and with too much detail about the politics of her times. An attractive, ardent and brilliant woman, living by her pen in the Restoration period, Aphra Behn naturally "supported Charles and James without question," as Mr. Woodcock reproachfully observes; and the "radical ideas and attitudes" which he considers at variance with her

royalism derived not from sociological ruminations but from the impatience with restraint natural to her temperament. She was not a feminist, she was a playwright fighting male opposition. She attacked marriage not on Godwinian but on personal grounds. She sympathized with negro slaves because she disliked slavery of any kind. She was a woman, not an ideologist.

H. K.

The Prose of an Irish Melody

The story of Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran, enshrined in the golden legend of Irish patriotism, looks a tempting theme for a romantic novel. Mr. JOHN BROPHY, however, while making a very good novel of it, has turned a resolute back on romance and contemplated *Sarah* (COLLINS, 9/6) through the cool eye of psychology. He sees her, in fact, with sympathy but without sentimentality, as the victim of an inferiority complex which, with the consequent vacillations so fatal to her lover, was the inevitable outcome of a most unpropitious environment. For it seems that John Philpot Curran, the eloquent nationalist advocate, whose wit was the delight of Dublin and the terror of the English tyrant, was a paterfamilias who could have taught a thing or two to Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street. He dominates Mr. BROPHY's pages as he dominated his children, and beside or a little behind him stands the sinister MacNally, his friend and colleague but the Castle's spy and *agent provocateur*, a very nasty piece of work indeed. Emmet himself, whose rebellion, the scheme of an idealist, was doomed to shipwreck on the rocks of reality, is portrayed with as careful a hand; while a host of lesser but equally authentic folk appear in their proper turns and proportions —among them Tom Moore, as absurd and engaging as ever, to lend a touch of light relief to the tragedy which he made glamorous in song and which Mr. BROPHY has interpreted with a more disciplined imagination. F. B.



"... and WE are looking for an escaped lion."

Is Your Mongoose Necessary?

IT is, believe me, with a good deal of resentment that I find myself, on this sunny October morning with just a touch of frost in the air, compelled to bring up the question of the employment of mongooses in the British Mercantile Marine. The subject is one which has been very thoroughly explored in the past by acknowledged experts (I need mention here only Dr. Schrechlich's *Handbuch von der Mongoose über Dampfschiffen*, published in Leipzig in 1872) and one had hoped that the last word had been said. Now it appears that the whole matter must be reopened.

For a clear understanding of the functions of the seagoing mongoose and the customs governing its employment we cannot, I fear, avoid turning to our old friend *Scrutton On Charterparties*. I should gladly have kept Lord Justice Scrutton out of this disquisition had it been possible, for though I should be the last to impugn his reliability in matters of commercial law, I feel that the picture of the Merchant Navy which his book presents is likely to arouse in the lay reader a profound mistrust of everything remotely connected with the sea. Between those covers every ship that sets sail (a good many, of course, are destroyed by fire before the start of the voyage) is dogged by misfortune from the moment the anchor is raised—supposing, indeed, that that useful implement neither sticks fast in the mud nor falls back into the sea owing to the breaking of the cable. Should the ship be so fortunate as to succeed in clearing the harbour mouth, she becomes the play-

thing of the sportive fates. In quick succession rats, worms, swordfish and cannon-shot pierce her hull; the engines break down, the boilers explode, and the coal runs out; and from dawn to dusk an endless succession of pirates, rovers, King's enemies and privateers streams across her deck. The captain meanwhile (a man who combines in an unusual degree the qualities of rashness, timidity, procrastination and a total ignorance of the law) lies senseless in his cabin, surrounded by empty brandy-bottles; the mate devotes his waking hours exclusively to signing receipts for goods that have never been shipped; and the crew, when they can snatch a minute from their normal occupations of mutiny and broaching the cargo, devote themselves with an assiduity worthy of a better cause to boring holes in the ship's bottom.

But to return (as they say in Karachi) to our mongooses. We have the authority of Lord Justice Scrutton (*supra*) for the statement that in the charterparty of *The Anne of Hull*, of June 10th, 1532, it is provided that the shipowner shall supply "a Doge and a Cat with all other Necessaryes." "*Cf.*," continues the Lord Justice (he was much addicted to that word), "*Cf.* Godolphin, 'A View of the Admiral Jurisdiction,' 1685: 'The master . . . may not sail without one cat or more in his vessel.'" And the functions of these humble but apparently necessary members of the ship's complement are elucidated farther down the page, where he says: "So Malyne, *Lex Mercatoria* (1686), p. 102: 'The master must answer for any harm which Rats do in a Ship to any Merchandise for want of a Cat.'"

So far so good. It was evidently well established, by the end of the seventeenth century, that a cat, at all events, was a *sine qua non* for any properly equipped vessel. A Doge, though no doubt desirable, was perhaps not strictly essential. To this day cats are more common on board ship than Doges, though not everyone could point to the legal authority for this state of affairs. But at some date around 1725 (the exact year is unknown) an anonymous shipowner of Bristol saw fit to introduce a wholly superfluous complication. Scrutton, who was writing for the general body of lawyers rather than for the specialists in mongooses, alludes to him only briefly: "The shipowner," he says, "who had two cats and a mongoose on board . . ." and goes on to recount in detail the commercial misadventures of

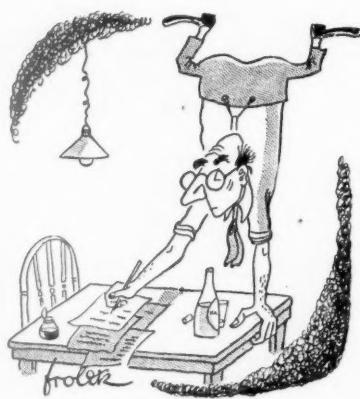
this man, who (like most of the ship-owners in this book) united to a general incapacity for business an almost supernatural degree of bad fortune and, in moments of crisis, the promptitude, decision and cool judgment of a suddenly decapitated hen.

It is not my intention to describe at length the unending controversies which have centred upon the employment of that mongoose. Dr. Schrechlich (*q.v.*) maintains that the animal was merely a figment of a disordered imagination, and that its function was to pursue imaginary snakes. Others have contended that the word "mongoose" is a *lapsus calami* arising in the copying of the charterparty in question, and that the original word was "marlinespike" (or, as van Ommeren maintains, "midshipman"). Neither of these interpretations will commend itself to the reader. But indeed the whole subject is so involved and so loaded with technical detail that no one who has not spent a lifetime in the closest possible contact with legal documents, and mongooses, can hope to follow it; and I shall say no more, except to remark, regarding the recent developments to which I earlier referred, that the sooner the whole question is brought before the Security Council of the United Nations the better for all concerned. A state of affairs in which time and newsprint can be wasted without restraint by anyone who cares to write about mongooses is not to be endured.

G. D. R. D.

The Return

I HOPE you won't take it as personal, old man, and I'm always glad to have you drop into the office for a chat, even on my first day back after being away for a fortnight, but I must warn you solemnly that if you ask me if I had a good time on holiday and am feeling fit and what sort of weather I had and what the food was like and if I managed to get any cigarettes, I shall just pick up this heavy ebony ruler that lies invitingly in front of me on my desk and I shall bring it down with a sickening thud on top of your head. I shall then open the window to its fullest extent and hurl your body down into the street, where I earnestly hope that it will fall in front of a really big steam-roller going at full speed. I shall then jump out after it uttering a hideous maniacal



"To the Editor. Sir . . . is this a record?"

cry, and that will be the end of both of us.

Naturally you are wondering why I threaten to adopt these rather extreme measures, but if you had gone through the sort of day that I have gone through since I arrived at the office at 9.15 sharp this morning I feel quite certain that you would understand and sympathize and feel that in merely knocking you senseless and hurling you from the window in the event of your being so foolish as to inquire about my holiday I would be acting with almost excessive moderation. Note to begin with that I arrived at the office at 9.15 instead of my usual 9.45. The reason for this was that I had been absent for a fortnight and had a lot of work to catch up with.

At 9.20 precisely Spivins of Hodder and Whale came in to see me for no useful purpose whatever except to say that he had a fancy I might be back this morning and he thought he might as well pop in and ask if I had enjoyed myself and whether I was feeling fit and what the food was like and whether I was able to get any cigarettes. I was about to answer him when he broke in and told me all about his own holiday at Ballypenny. He described in detail the marvellous food he had eaten and the number of cigarettes he had been able to buy. He said that he felt frightfully fit and that his wife Maureen came back looking at least ten years younger, and that on the whole the weather had not been too bad considering we had a Labour Government.

At 9.35 he dashed off and I had just settled down to sort my letters into the various baskets when Catling of Wilde and Frenzy came in and said that he was terrifically glad I was back and he hoped I had enjoyed myself and that cigarettes hadn't been too short and that the wife had come back refreshed and that the weather had not been too frightfully awful. At Strathradish where he had ill-advisedly taken his own family it had been too perfectly chronic and even after fighting two world-wars for which he made due allowance he did think twelve guineas a week each and a tiny round of luncheon sausage the size of a half-crown for dinner on Sunday was laying it on a bit thick, or rather thin, because if you held it in the eye like a monocle you could see through it. The golf, however, had been wizard, because he had found a way of snicking out of mud with his spoon that had enabled him to beat six successive opponents, one of them a man whose uncle had once beaten Abe Mitchell in a snow-storm.



"Please may I have it—or does it belong to the Government?"

Eleven more people came in before lunch pretending to be interested in my holiday but really only anxious to tell me about their own, and at lunch the other three men at the table had been together in Eire and were stuffed to the neck with meat and anecdotes. I returned to the office to find Basket of Trug and Raffia sitting at my desk with a map of Devonshire spread out ready to tell me all about it. He was followed by nine others, but until you came in I had managed to restrain myself from actual murder.

But human nature can stand so much and no more, and for the sake of your wife and children I strongly advise you to go while the going is still good, for one more inquiry about my

holiday will completely unseat my reason, the fact being that I have not been on holiday at all. I have had a fortnight in bed with influenza, and if you should feel inclined to be the nineteenth man to remark that there is a lot of influenza going about now my reply will not take the mild form of knocking you senseless and throwing you out of the window. I shall hang you by your toes to the chandelier and then proceed to cut you into small pieces with a blunt penknife.

D. H. B.
• •

Sweet Ration News

"After a bit caterpillars will be crystallized."—*Schoolgirl's Essay*.

A Place of One's Own

I SHALL miss my study, I know I shall. It was on the first floor, at the back, the room I had chosen as my own the first time I looked over the house. Although I have lost it for ever I can still see in my mind's eye the broad walnut desk under the window, the long book-shelves just caught by the beam from the parchment desk-lamp, the gentle fire-glow bringing out the reds nicely in my Persian rug. I did a lot of good, quiet thinking in that little room (well, not actually in it, but thinking I was in it) and if only I had been able to keep it I know I should have produced some fine work there.

It was referred to as "the study" in all the preliminary planning, and it was very pleasing for me to notice how, yesterday, the removal men caught on to the idea; after their first trip up there with a broken firescreen and a papier mâché bath full of old music they began to ask confidently as they brought in other articles of unspecified destination (pot umbrella-stands of purely sentimental value, armfuls of mildewed hats), "The study, Missus?" And Missus, worried about other things, would say with the faintest hint of impatience, "Oh, yes, please—the study." So before very long everything went up to the first-floor back that seemed to have no obvious reason for going anywhere else.

Where removal men are concerned I am not one with any great air of

authority, and when it was found that I had diverted to the study a Persian rug and a parchment desk-lamp officially ear-designed for the basement dining-room, I lost face utterly, and when, a little later, I saw the long book-shelves being smoothly borne into the drawing-room and cried out "The study, surely?" the men shook their heads in a kind but inflexible manner. They said (throwing me a crumb) that they believed Alf was taking a load up to the study, and they even went so far as to call him back down the stairs a step or two to show me the tea-chest he was carrying, stacked with empty medicine-bottles and the rusty components of a long-deceased sewing-machine. Close behind Alf was Ern, with the top of my wife's maternal grandmother's wash-stand and a torn fire-screen made of pasted illustrations from *Good Words*. I did not ask him where they were going.

Last night, when the men had left, and darkness, silence and dust had settled, I crept up the stairs to the room on the first floor, at the back, the room I had chosen as my own the first time I looked over the house. How the men had managed to half-jam the door from the inside I do not know; I suppose something had fallen down, perhaps the heavy wardrobe mirror that has needed re-silvering ever since we left Dulwich in 1932, or some old and splintery mangle rollers. I did just manage to get a lighted match

through the four-inch gap (the electric switch seemed to be swinging on its wires, free of the wall, and when I touched it something fell and rolled away) and through half-closed eyes saw under the window the broad walnut desk I hadn't been able to afford after all when I saw the bill for the drawing-room carpet, the gentle match-glow bringing out the holes nicely in the bare floorboards . . .

Then a voice called me, saying that there was work to be done still, so I went down. Asked where I had been I answered quietly, "Just looking in the junk-room," and when the appellation passed without comment I knew that I had lost my study for ever. I shall miss it, I know I shall. J. B. B.

Film Fans

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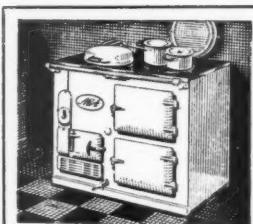
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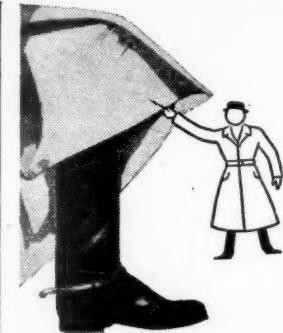
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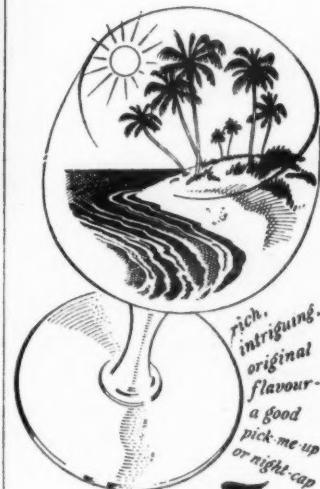
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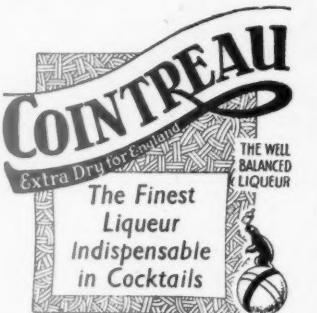
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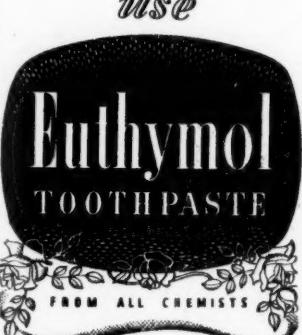
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HERE'S the latest Murphy Model — a younger brother of the famous A122. As you see, it is built on the baffle principle instead of the usual square box. It has Short, Medium and Long Wavebands and will get plenty of stations on each of them. Far more important — it gets them clearly and with a fine, true tone. This lovely little set is going to make a lot of friends.



A124 A.C. Mains only.
£20. 3. 4 Inc. Pur. Tax
U124 A.C./D.C. Mains.
£20. 12. 6 Inc. Pur. Tax

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

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CRC 244

INCENTIVE IN A TYRE FACTORY

*Co-operative Award System
Raises Output and Quality*

BETTER WORK, BETTER PAY. This is the gist of the Henley Tyre Co-operative Award Scheme that has recently raised standards of quality higher than ever before.

This is incentive in action.

All tyre manufacturers use the best materials available, reliable formulas, proved and trusted methods, but these alone do not ensure a finished product of a high standard.

TO RAISE QUALITY

The very latest machines take their part in making the tyres, but what decides whether a tyre is to be first class or not is the work that goes into over 50 processes that can only be done by hand.

The new Henley Co-operative Scheme does not rush output. It pays the workers on *quality*. Impartial experts assess the standard of each man's or woman's work.

As any commonsense business

man would expect, quality has risen very considerably. So has output, though output is a secondary consideration.

The workers like the scheme. With no pressure to work fast, they can do good work that is rewarded by bigger pay packets.

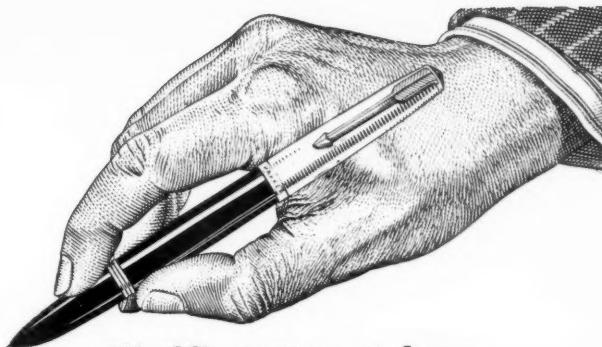
Henley's like the scheme. It raises the already high standard of their tyres.

Motorists will like the scheme. Already it is giving them more perfectly constructed and harder wearing tyres. Extra incentive means fine workmanship. Fine workmanship makes Henley better than the good tyres they have always been.

INCENTIVE IN ACTION

For a fuller account of this successful quality incentive write for the descriptive booklet "Incentive in Action," Dept. Advt/G at the address below.

HENLEY'S TYRE AND RUBBER CO. LTD.
MILTON COURT, WESTCOTT, DORKING, SURREY

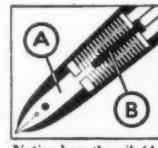


World's most wanted pen

TODAY more people desire a Parker "51" than any other make of pen. Actually 83 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen. Combining flawless beauty with unprecedented technical precision, the "51" writes instantly, with eager smoothness, as soon as point is touched to paper!

A special patented ink-trap controls the flow of ink so that the pen, when correctly filled, never fails to write, never leaks or blobs. The unique tubular 14-ct. gold nib is available in a wide range of points. There's one to suit your special needs! The gleaming Lustraloy cap slides on securely without twisting. Within the barrel is hidden a patented self-filler.

At present still in limited supply. Available in Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue, and Cordovan Brown. Price 62/6 (plus 13/11 purchase tax).



Notice how the nib (A) is hooded against dirt and damage — only the point shows. The ingenious ink trap (B) enables the pen to "breathe," prevents flooding and leakage.

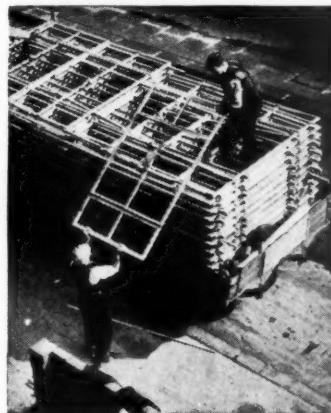
PARKER "51"

Made in Great Britain and Canada

Fill your pen with Quink, a protective ink for all good fountain pens

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

CRITTALL WINDOWS



an engineering product
MADE STRICTLY AS LAID DOWN IN
BRITISH STANDARD SPECIFICATION
NO. 990: 1945; DELIVERED WITHIN A
WEEK OR TWO BY ROAD DIRECT
TO SITE.

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.
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No. 7 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/-
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Big DUNLOP News at the Motor Show

TYRE DESIGN
TAKES A COMPLETE STEP
FORWARD



A completely new Dunlop car tyre makes its public debut on Stand No. 203 and throughout the Show. Chosen by the majority of British car manufacturers as standard equipment this new tyre marks a complete step forward in tyre design.

Feature by feature—more teeth to give still better road grip, flatter tread with deeper effective pattern for longer non-skid mileage, extension of moulded knife-cuts to improve non-skid properties, graduated rib widths to improve load distribution—this new tyre represents a substantial advance on previous tyre performance and is available in Dunlop Fort and Dunlop qualities.